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JAN. 19, 1929

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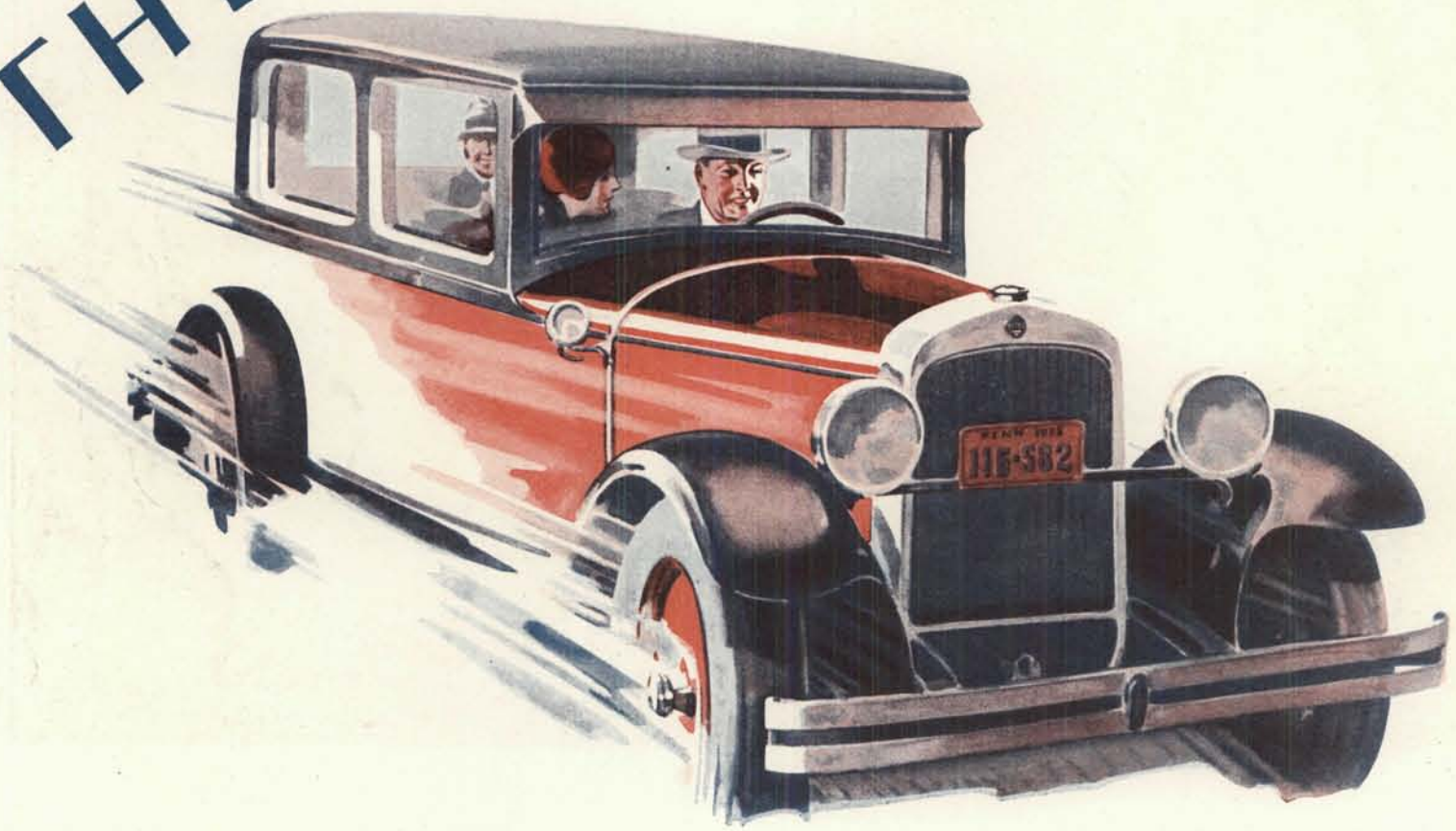

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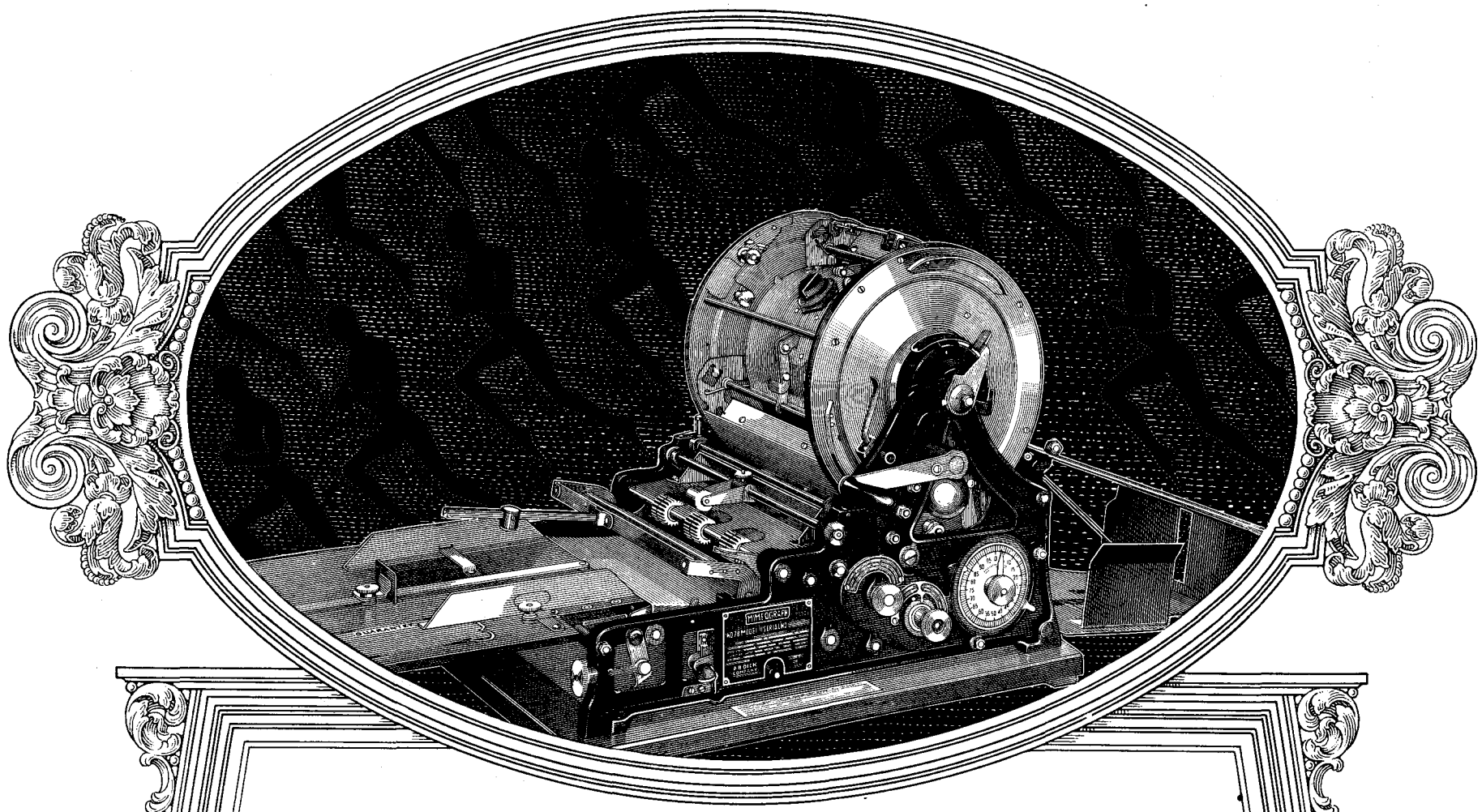

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Wings of Destiny

Beginning a war romance that moves with the speed of an airplane and the subtlety of high intrigue

By George Weston

THE door leading to the courtroom opened, and a gray-haired sergeant entered the antechamber where the accused was awaiting trial.

Through the windows the harbor of New York could be seen, the Statue of Liberty ironically holding her torch to heaven, the sea-gulls winging freely between sky and sea.

"Lieutenant Millard J. Delavan," called the sergeant.

There was a stir in the antechamber. A tall young man arose, his keen-featured face as pale as though it were an ivory carving of tragedy.

"Lieutenant Delavan?" repeated the sergeant.

"Yes."

"This way, please."

The prisoner passed through the open door, the sergeant close by his side. The door closed behind him and Mill Delavan found himself in a courtroom which he would presently have cause to remember as long as breath of life stayed in him.

At one end was a dais, equipped with a table and desk. At the table five officers were seated, their backs to the window, their faces reflecting that morose austerity which seems to mark those who mete out justice to their fellow men. At the desk sat a clerk, his sleeves sewn with a corporal's chevrons surmounted by two crossed pens.

"Lieutenant Millard Delavan!" chanted the sergeant.

The five officers at the long table stared down as though from the double height of rank and rectitude.

His eyes becoming accustomed to the light, Delavan noticed that the officer in the middle was wearing the eagles of a colonel, and was flanked on his right by a red face rising from a major's uniform, as the sun sometimes rises over Monadnock's mighty shoulders. Through the window he caught sight of a troop ship slipping down to the open sea, her decks crowded with cheering young figures in khaki.

"What are the charges here?" demanded the colonel.

They were short, but heavy. Intoxication, striking a superior officer, cheating at cards, and conduct unbecoming an officer.

While the charges were being read, the accused turned to face the clerk, and it was then that he saw the others in the room, ranged on a bench against the wall—Major Simmons, Lieutenant Wadsworth at the end of the row, and Captain Lastry himself, the latter frowning in vindictive triumph, as well as his battered features would permit.

Major Simmons gave his evidence first.

"I can only testify to the fighting," he said. "I knew the officers were playing cards, but I was in the next room. When the fight started, I went to see what was happening, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we were able to keep Lieutenant Delavan away from Captain Lastry. I am informed that his first blow broke the bridge of Captain Lastry's nose; and—in short—well, you can see for yourself, gentlemen. Captain Lastry has been under a doctor's care ever since the—er—occurrence of this unfortunate event."

THUS the major, precise of manner and conventional of speech—as befitted an officer who had spent most of his life in the classic shades of an engineering college, instead of in the ruder fields of war.

"What do you know about this charge of intoxication?" asked the colonel.

"I can only say that Delavan acted queerly. I didn't see him actually drinking."

"And how about this cheating at cards?"

"Lieutenant Wadsworth, I believe, will certify to that. I have no direct knowledge of it."

Lieutenant Wadsworth, it soon developed, was one of those witnesses who are generally described as "reluctant."

"Yes, sir," he said. "We were playing cards."

"What were you playing?" demanded the colonel at the long table.

"We were playing cards, sir," said Waddy with slight surprise.

"Yes, yes; I know you were playing cards," said the colonel with a touch of irritation. "But what *game* were you playing? Were you playing Old Maid, for instance?"

"No, sir," said Waddy thoughtfully.

Joyce Van Deusen was about twenty-one, a girl with dreamy eyes set far apart and the dreamy smile of a child

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"I believe we were playing poker."

"A quiet little game of five and ten, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said Waddy, considering again. "I believe we were playing five and fifty."

The red-faced major spoke then for the first time—he who sat at the right hand of the colonel.

"Five and fifty cents?" he asked in a deep, slightly guttural voice.

"No, sir," said Waddy, almost regretfully. "Five and fifty dollars."

"Oh-ho!" exclaimed the colonel, fastening on this morsel as though he had scratched it up himself. "Wouldn't you call that a pretty stiff game for young officers?"

"Not in the flying service," said Waddy, thinking that over, too. "You see—we get such a kick every time we go up, that—well, I guess we need an extra jolt when we come down to earth again."

"Good psychology, in any event," said the red-faced major by the colonel's side.

"Waiving all questions of psychology," resumed the colonel, with a slight frown at the interruption, "were you sitting in the game when Lieutenant Delavan was accused of cheating?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much money was on the table?"

"I didn't count it, sir," said Waddy with the utmost respect. "But I remember wishing that I could win it."

"A thousand dollars?" persisted the colonel.

"Perhaps a little more than two thousand."

"Very well. Now tell us why Lieutenant Delavan was accused of cheating."

"He claimed that he'd won the pot on a straight flush. But Lastry insisted on looking over his hand, and Lastry discovered that Delavan had six cards instead of five."

"In other words, Lieutenant Delavan had a dead hand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And was claiming the pot on it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What happened next?"

"Lastry called Delavan a dirty cheat and Delavan nearly killed him."

"But the fact remains that Delavan had six cards in his hand instead of five?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that Captain Lastry was the man who exposed him. . . . Thank you, Lieutenant. Captain Lastry, we will hear you next."

LASTRY strode forward—quickly, almost hungrily. No reluctant witness, he, but rather one who found an avid satisfaction in the telling of his story.

"You have heard Lieutenant Wadsworth's evidence?" began the colonel.

"Yes, sir. And every word of it was true—that is, as far as it went. But he didn't say anything about Delavan's card tricks. Myself, I think that's important."

"Delavan's card tricks? What do you mean?"

"I mean that he can do tricks with cards—sleight-of-hand—palming, presti—prestidig—whatever they call it. Many a night after dinner he's sat at the table—making cards disappear just by a wave of his hand—"

"A good man to have in a poker game," interrupted the red-faced major at the colonel's right hand. "Did he always win?"

"No, sir. In fact, so far as I can remember, this was the first night he ever played."

"In other words," said the colonel, "he wasn't as clever with his card tricks as he might have been."

"Oh, he's clever, all right, but I nailed him too soon," said Lastry proudly. "I didn't give him time to get away with it."

There was a slight pause, the colonel evidently reviewing the testimony in his mind.

"I take it," he continued then, "that you suspected something when you insisted on looking over his hand."

"For that matter," said Lastry, his face darkening, "I never trusted him much."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing—he spoke German too well to suit me. I happened to come on him unawares once when he was speaking to a waiter named Heiney, and he was rattling the German language off to Heiney as though he had spoken it all his life."

"Good God!" exclaimed the red-faced major with the guttural voice. And with a richness of sarcastic pantomime, worthy of a larger audience, he added, "Gentlemen, for this offense, I move you that we hang the prisoner here and now upon this chandelier!"

"Major Henrichs!" exclaimed the colonel sharply. "Your remarks are out of order."

"And so is the witness' conclusion!" retorted the major. "Me—I was brought up on the German language. But is there any man here who would dare to say that I'm not to be trusted?"

"You say he speaks German?" continued the colonel.

"Yes, sir," said Captain Lastry. "More quickly, I should say, than he speaks English. It always seemed to me that he speaks English slowly—more—more like an actor than a human being."

"LET'S see about that," said Major Henrichs. And in a brisk, raucous voice he suddenly demanded:

"*Ist es wahr, dass Sie Deutsch sprechen, wie der Hauptmann aussagt?*"

"*Jawohl, Herr Major; danke,*" said the pale young man.

"Major Henrichs!" exclaimed the colonel again, more sharply than before. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Don't be alarmed, Colonel," said the major in a soothing voice. "We aren't plotting against the flag. I merely asked him if it was true that he spoke German, and he answered that he did."

"So it seems," said the colonel dryly. And glancing along the table as though to say, "there's a point for you," he turned to Lastry again and continued, "Do you know any other reason for not trusting the accused?"

"Yes, sir," said Lastry, his dark face darker, more dramatic than before. "Although we were in aviation, our work for the last few months has been confined to inspection. That is to say, we have been checking up on firms who are trying to get government contracts on airplane work. Delavan has been out on dozens of inquiries, but so far as I know he has only passed one concern. I asked him once if he were trying to hold us back from building airplanes and he said something about the manufacturers not coming across as liberally as they should."

Up to that point, Lieutenant Delavan had been standing quietly enough by the side of the gray-haired sergeant—a tall, pale, tragic young figure—but at the captain's last words he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, what a lie! What a damnable lie!"

"There!" exclaimed Major Simmons, rising excitedly from his bench. "That's the way he knocked him out the night they were playing cards!"

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The colonel struck the table with his gavel.

"Silence!" he commanded. "You will have your turn!" And with a last glance at the charges: "I see that the prisoner is also charged with intoxication. Did you notice, Captain, that he had been drinking on the night in question?"

"Yes, sir!" said the captain without a moment's hesitation. "He came to my room after dinner and he nearly emptied a flask that was on my dresser."

"That's all," said the colonel decisively. "And now, Lieutenant Delavan, we will hear from you. Striking your superior officer: Do you deny that?"

"No, sir," said the young lieutenant in a low voice.

"Cheating at cards—"

"That, of course, I do deny—I had six cards in my hand when I should have had five. There's not the least question about that. But two of the cards were accidentally stuck together—"

"Which brings us to another question. You can do card tricks?"

"Yes, sir."

"A rather unusual accomplishment. How did you happen to learn it?"

"WHEN I was a boy," said the lieutenant in a low voice, "I happened to discover that my father, who was dead, had been an actor. Boy-like, I thought for a time that I would be an actor, too. One day, in a stationer's window, I saw a book 'How to Entertain an Audience.' It was only ten cents. I bought it, found that it was full of card tricks; and perhaps because I was an industrious young one I learned every trick in the book."

"And how about your knowledge of German? How did you acquire that?"

"My mother's people were German."

"Oh-ho!" exclaimed the colonel with another sidelong glance down the table. "Is your mother in Germany now, by any chance?"

"My mother is dead," said the young lieutenant in a low voice.

"But her people in Germany—you probably have cousins there—uncles—aunts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly. And now about this matter of passing on firms who are anxious to undertake airplane construction. Is it true that out of a dozen or more applicants, you only passed one?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you turn down the others?"

"Because they weren't equipped for the work."

"But all your fellow officers passed more than one?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you account for that?"

"Well—for one thing—" hesitated the young lieutenant, his face paler than before, if that were possible. "Although in at least seven cases I could have received a bribe I always drew a heavy black cross over the questionnaire as soon as bribery was even suggested."

"And your fellow officers didn't?"

"They can answer that question for themselves."

"You aren't making charges, then?"

"No, sir."

"Not even against Captain Lastry?" asked Major Henrichs, almost with a note of pleading in his voice.

"It would be unnecessary to make charges against Captain Lastry," said Lieutenant Delavan, perhaps instinctively following the older man's lead. "It was a common occurrence for him to lose all his money at cards one night, and to have a thousand dollars in his pocket the next evening. We all knew he was grafting."

Before the last sentence was completed, Lastry was on his feet rushing toward Delavan.

"You damned, dirty card cheat!" he cried. "I'll stop your lying!"

Delavan turned, and suddenly his right fist snapped forward like a cracking young bolt of lightning.

"There!" exclaimed Major Simmons, excitedly rising from his bench. "That's how he knocked him out the night they were playing cards."

"Knocked him out?" demanded the colonel, staring over the edge of the table at the grizzled little sergeant who was kneeling by Lastry's prostrate figure. "Do you mean to say that with just one blow—"

"Ah . . . but it wasn't the blow alone," boomed the deeper voice of Major Henrichs. "It was all that lay behind it!"

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

MILLARD DELAVAN—late lieutenant of the United States Army—walked slowly down the steps which led to the subway station at South Ferry.

"To lose all pay and allowances and to be dismissed from the service." The sentence of the court still echoed through his mind—the reason: "Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." But the late lieutenant knew that the universal judgment would not only be briefer, it would also be more explicit: "Caught cheating at cards. . . ."

He bought his ticket and walked out on the platform, carrying with him the wreckage of so many illusions that he hardly believed in the others.

"Hello," said a deep voice at his side. "You made me run, but I've caught you!"

Delavan turned with a start and found himself looking into the friendly eyes of Major Henrichs.

"I shouldn't say this," continued the latter, "but I was glad when you gave it to Lastry again. In fact if it hadn't been for your unfortunate knowledge of card tricks and German—" He broke off with a snort of disgust and slipped his hand around the younger man's arm.

They started for the end of the platform together. From the billboards they were watched by a gallery of beautiful women, full of advertising and the shrewd appeal of sex.

"Once, during the trial," began Major Henrichs, "I referred to psychology. You may not believe it, but I have written three books on the subject. To my mind, psychology is one of the coming studies of mankind, and especially as it applies to the art of war. Mass psychology! Tremendous! Majestic! Do you know, for instance, that Wagner applied its laws, either consciously or otherwise, in his Tannhäuser overture?"

"No, sir," said Delavan.

"But at least," continued the major, "this has probably occurred to you—that before arriving at the psychology of the masses we must study the mind of the individual. Now taking your own case, for instance, am I wrong in assuming that you have a sense of bitterness toward the whole wide world, to say nothing of the flesh and the devil?"

"I don't know about the devil," said Delavan bitterly, "but I could almost find it in my heart to wish that the whole wide world could go to the devil!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the other with satisfaction. "The stately diction of which Captain Lastry tried to tell us. . . . But aside from that, do you not feel within you at this moment an utter sense of loneliness, of futility—even of despair?"

"Yes," said the young man, almost beneath his breath. "All that."

"Then you must come and have dinner with me and my brother," said the major briskly. "Although you may not know it now, you are passing through one of the most important phases of your life; and coming from a student of psychology, please believe me when I tell you that you are not safe alone. Ah, here's the train. Crowded, as usual, but crowds are good for you just now."

"A good old boy," thought Delavan. And good old boys, he told himself, were scarce. Besides, he had already shrunk from the loneliness of the night ahead of him—to say nothing of the days and weeks to follow.

"And I liked the way he stood up to the colonel, and wasn't afraid to speak to me in German," Delavan told himself as they left the train at Fiftieth Street. "There aren't many officers nowadays who'd dare to do that!"

"My brother is a widower," said the major, turning toward Park Avenue. "And because he once sat on the bench he is still known as Judge. Some day, perhaps, he will marry again; but meanwhile he keeps his apartment—up here on top of the world—"

The top of the world was a penthouse bungalow on the roof of a star-scraping apartment building. Judge Henrichs, Delavan soon discovered, had the same ruddy complexion as his brother—a sanguine countenance which contrasted well with his gray moustache and imperial. He stared a little when his young visitor was introduced—stared to himself, it might be said, as though he were thinking "Now where have I met him before?"

IT WAS a pleasant dinner and there were times when Mill almost forgot the pain which was at once like a weight and an ache in his heart. They talked of the war and of men and of music. And over their salad the major told the story of the court-martial.

"Your father, you say, was an actor?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir."

"I think I remember the name. Didn't he play in romantic parts—Cyrano de Bergerac—pieces like that?"

"I don't know about Cyrano," said Delavan, "but I will tell you, if you like, how I first learned that he had been an actor."

"Please."

"I was eight years old at the time; and I was living alone with my Aunt Bertha in a cottage on Staten Island. I remember that I was dusting the front room, in a gingham apron which I always had to wear around the house. And oh, how I hated it! However, while I was dusting the bookshelves I came to a volume which had slipped back of the others."

"Something your father had written?" asked the judge.

"No, sir; it was Oscar Wilde's Salome. I opened it—or rather it opened itself—to two loose pages which had been torn from a theater program—those two pages on which the cast is printed. Some of the names, I believe, had been famous in their day, but this was the line which interested me the most: '*Herodius . . . Mr. Millard Delavan. . . .*'"

"Your own name," nodded the judge, as though he were beginning to find the answer to his question.

"Yes, sir. I thought it over for a while—and then I took the book in to Aunt Bertha, who was making a cake in the kitchen.

"'Was—was (*Continued on page 34*)

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Riders of the Whirlwind

Campbell Studios

The ability of William C. Durant to stage his famous "comebacks" makes him an outstanding figure in financial circles

When a bull market, or a bear market for that matter, hits Wall Street, the outsider can only watch the dust fly and wonder what causes that. In this article Mr. Flynn takes the machine apart and shows what makes it go. He tells the dramatic story of the new school of financiers —Cutten, Durant, the Fisher Brothers and Mike Meehan —whose methods have amazed the old-timers and turned vast wealth into new channels

THE 25th day of August, 1921, was a blue day in Wall Street if ever there was one. The market had been going down steadily for almost a year. And such nice news in the newspapers! "Five Million Unemployed, says Labor Bureau." "Railworkers Forced to Take 12 per cent Wage Cut." "Tenants Riot as Rents Hit Peak." "Factory Pay Drops 13 Per Cent." "Henry Ford Slashes Prices Again." "Four Thousand Armed Miners Marching on Mingo." "Ah, well," said the Job's comforters around the stock tickers, "cheer up! The worst is yet to come." And it came that day.

One of the bright spots of the market was Mexican Petroleum. Rumors of a settlement by oil men with Obregon were being whispered around. Then suddenly, out of a sky already far from clear, the little stock ticker flashed a report that Mexican Petroleum would pass its dividend. Down went Mexican Pete and down with it went the whole market and when that day's work was done on the Stock Exchange stocks had hit their lowest since the war.

A Great Bull Market is Born

Later in the day the directors of Mexican Petroleum issued a denial of the rumor and a statement that the company's dividend had actually already been declared. When the big bell started trading the following day on the Stock Exchange Mexican Pete started up again and the whole list with it—slowly, at first, but surely, never to sink to that low level again. The great bull market was born.

And ever since that day Speculation, like a great storm god, has been raging up and down Wall Street and over the land so that in the whole history of this great money-bulging republic there has never been such money making and money losing. And never has there been such crashing of the rules of a well-established and highly organized game—the game of stock trading. Now at the end of these hectic seven years the old-time professionals, many of them either broke or near broke, most of them thoroughly at sea, frayed and battle-weary, are bitterly complaining that the game has been ruined by a mob of amateurs who refuse to play according to the rules.

Nobody, neither the newcomers nor the old-timers, started this bull market or set in motion the storm of speculation that has raged all over the land. The best anyone could do was to choose the whirlwind with which he would ride. The newcomers have chosen more wisely than the ancients. And a few big operators little known before, some of them rank outsiders, have been riding the whirlwinds and directing the storm.

One of the most talked about of these big operators is a man who three years ago was a stranger to Wall Street and who today would hardly be recognized if he stood on the corner of Broad and Wall. He was already a great figure in Chicago but even there his fame was confined to the immediate purlieus of the Board of Trade. He still calls himself a "cash grain expert and dirt farmer." But most of the experting and dirt farming he has done in the last three years has been in the fertile agricultural acres of Wall Street.

This man is Arthur Cutten. He is a small, shy figure who, like most Wall Street operators, is talk-shy.

Cutten was already enormously rich when he appeared in Wall Street. Back in 1925 he paid an income tax of a half-million dollars, the largest in the Chicago district. In 1924 he is said to have made a cool million in corn. In 1925 they say he made ten million in wheat that was not so cool. In fact it was pretty hot by the time Congress and the uplifters of the wheat belt got through with it.

Cutten's keen eyes had seen a world wheat shortage that year. He bought the troublous grain at $1.32 and sold it at $2. By the time he was done buying he had a corner in wheat. He held in his hands in that feverish and dramatic moment more grain than has ever been owned by a single individual since Joseph engineered the corner on the grain market of Egypt—more than the elder Armour had ever held in the days of his most audacious adventures in the wheat pit. When it was all over Cutten had salted away anywhere from ten to fifteen million dollars.

A New Face in Wall Street

By the time Congress and the Department of Agriculture were through with this famous corner there wasn't much fun left in the wheat pit. Drastic new regulations so seriously crippled speculation that Cutten lost interest in the grain trade. He had all the money he needed.

But one day away off in Philadelphia old Samuel Vauclain looked over the stock page in his evening paper to find that some mysterious person was in the market doing things to the stock of the Baldwin Locomotive Company. It was Cutten, far out in Chicago, who was engineering a little pool of his own as a kind of sophomoric course in stock manipulation. And he had grabbed a big block of the stock, too. That is how he got started in Wall Street. It wasn't long before he was in New York with private rooms "assigned to Mr. Cutten" in three or four of the biggest brokerage offices in the street, and his finger in one big pool after another until the estimates of his winnings run to fabulous figures which make even Wall Street gasp. Apparently Cutten is through with grain.

"If I had a son," he says, "I wouldn't let him touch the wheat pit with a ten-foot pole."

Cutten ought to know. He started in the wheat pit as a scalper. He landed in Chicago from Canada with enough money for a month's board, began as a bookkeeper in a grain commission house and was soon operating for it on the floor. It took him five years to amass his first thousand dollars. But in the next five years he had scraped together his first million.

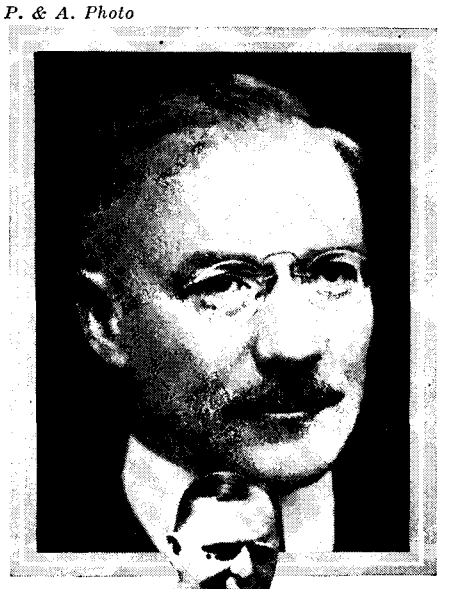
Cutten's entry into Baldwin had some important results. Among others it brought him into collision and then into alliance with one of the most remarkable groups that ever figured in stock-market history—the Fisher Brothers.

There are seven of them. They talk alike and think pretty much alike. Each is worth a large number of millions. Each has a home which is a show place of great magnificence. All are devoted to music and each has a splendid pipe organ in his home. All are fond of yachting and have beautiful ships. All are enthusiastic golfers and occasionally play off a tournament to settle the family championship.

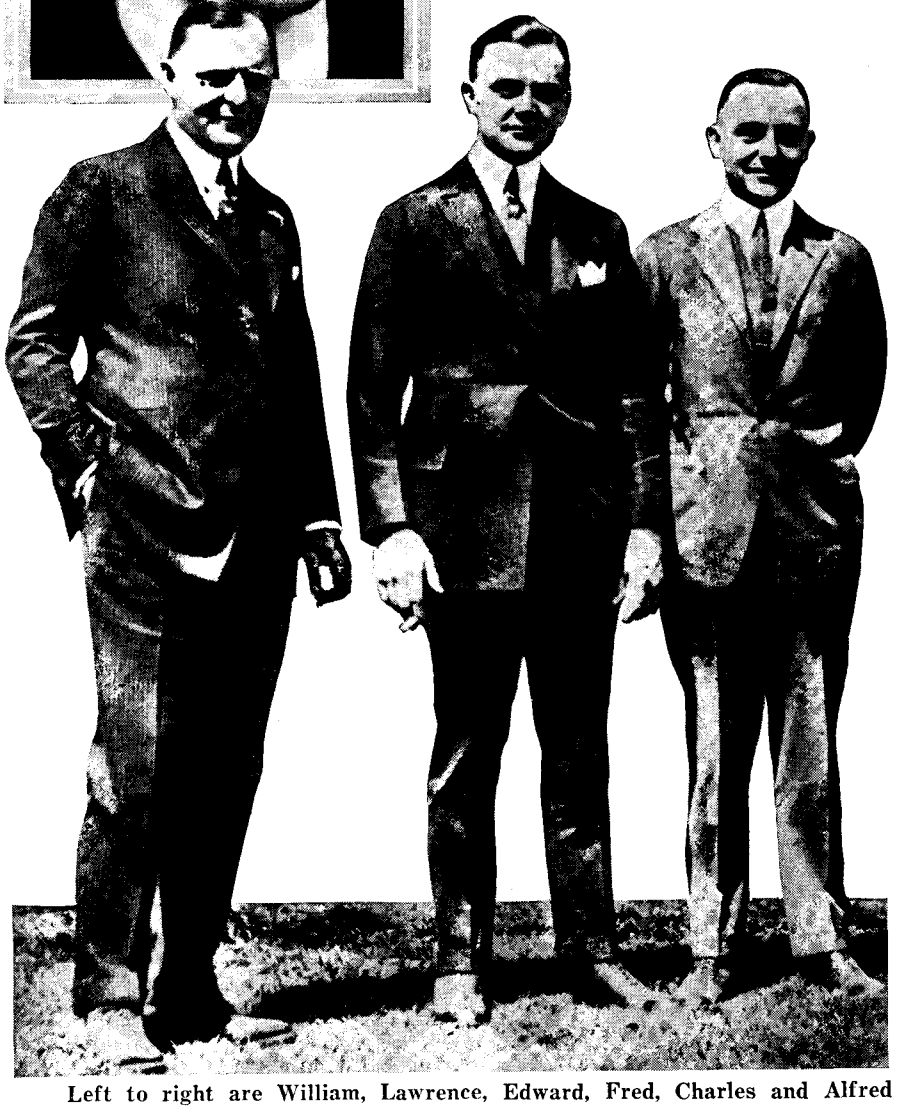
When Cutten was driving at the Baldwin Locomotive stock and Vauclain in Pniladelphia was watching that mysterious movement with a troubled mind, suddenly there appeared from another quarter another drive upon Baldwin Locomotive.

This move, it developed later, came from the Fishers. The Baldwin company was getting ready to move its great engine works from Philadelphia to Eddystone. The Pennsylvania Railroad had its eye on the Philadelphia site for expansion purposes. Other interests in Philadelphia looked hungrily at that rich piece of real estate. One of these made the discovery that this

P. & A. Photo



Wall Street took a historic beating when Arthur W. Cutten emerged from Chicago's grain pit



Left to right are William, Lawrence, Edward, Fred, Charles and Alfred

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By John T. Flynn

valuable site while carried on the company's books at $17,330,000 was really worth about $30,000,000. They observed that it would be cheaper to buy the whole Baldwin Locomotive Company than this single piece of real estate. The Fishers were scouting around for investment and speculative openings at this time and heard of this fact. They looked it up and discovered that all the common stock of the Baldwin concern priced at its market value of $130 a share was worth only $26,000,000, which was less than this one piece of real-estate property of the company.

That convinced them Baldwin shares must be greatly underpriced. So they made a complete study of the company. That is their method. They put accountants and experts into the field and learned all there was to know about Baldwin. Then they decided to accumulate that stock.

And that brought them into touch with Arthur Cutten. It didn't take these two generals long to join forces. And so the battle for the control of Baldwin soon developed into a contest between the Fishers and Cutten on one side and old Samuel Vauclain on the other.

When the Smoke Cleared Away

Before the battle was over the combatants had run the price of the stock up from a low 96 back in 1926 to a high of 285. They had battled $38,000,000 worth a value into the market price of the Baldwin shares.

Who won the fight no one knows. Or did anyone win it? At all events both Cutten and Fred J. Fisher are now on the board of directors of the company. And since that operation Cutten and the Fishers have been in numerous operations together.

Away back in 1901 an itinerant photographer turned out the personnel of the C. R. Wilson Body Co., at Cass Avenue and the Michigan Central tracks in Detroit, for this picture. The derby and the mustache in the second row belong to a man named Henry Ford, who had rented floor space in the shop for experimenting on a motor car. In the same row, also under a derby, is one of the Wilson Co.'s more ambitious employees, a young man named Fred Fisher

Like Cutten the Fishers are shy and silent. They have acquired a kind of aristocratic authority in the body-building trade so that most people think of them as just the current generation of an ancient industrial institution. As a matter of fact Fred J. Fisher, the oldest of the brothers, was working at a bench less than 30 years ago. Twenty-five years ago he was a four-dollar-a-day draftsman in a Detroit carriage factory working in the same building where young Henry Ford was fiddling with experiments on his tricky little motor. The Fisher Body Company was started only 20 years ago—in 1908—and in less than 16 years that concern was sold to General Motors for $208,000,000.

Fisher, of the Fisher Brothers, America's most remarkable financial group

In fact most of this generation of Fishers—and they are all young men—worked at the bench. Their grandfather was a wheelwright and blacksmith out in Peru, Huron County, Ohio. One of his sons, Lawrence, followed his father's trade and set up a little wheelwright and carriage building shop in Norwalk, Ohio, with a brother, Andrew, working with him as a blacksmith. When the oldest son of Lawrence, Fred J. Fisher, finished the eighth grade his father put him to work at the bench.

When Fred was 24 he hit the trail into the big world and the trail took him to Detroit where he started in the drafting-room of a great carriage factory. Five years after he landed in Detroit he set up his own business and as fast as his brothers came of age he took them in with him until he had the seven in the organization. He began making carriage bodies. But he was the first to see two powerful things at work. One was that the automobile was getting ready to chase the horse and hence the carriage off the streets. The other was that the day of making a few carriage or automobile bodies a day was past. And so he devised the first method of producing automobile bodies in large quantity from interchangeable parts from a set of wooden patterns. His first big order was from the Cadillac Company. That was in 1910, for 150 bodies. Now the production of bodies by Fisher runs to a million a year.

When General Motors bought out Fisher Bodies for $208,000,000 the Fishers were faced with the problem of investing the family fortunes. They organized a company which they called Fisher Company, Inc. It has seven stockholders—all Fishers. Fred J., the eldest, was put in command. They put in $25,000,000 in cash and began to look around for bargains.

The Fisher Investments

They went into Texas Oil. The stock was selling at 45. Last year it went as high as 70. They went into Richfield Oil. It went from 25 to 53 in a year.

Their method seems sound. They do not, like certain great operators, specialize in rigging the stock market—selecting a stock and manipulating it up to a profitable level, squeezing the shorts and dropping out. Their flier in Baldwin was a good example of their general plan. They select a company whose financial condition, earnings and general structure is sound and whose shares in view of all this are underpriced. They make elaborate studies and surveys of the organization and the industry. And when they go in they usually stay in. No one knows what stock they are going into until one day one of the Fishers turns up on the board of directors of the company.

Oddly enough another of the most powerful figures in the market now has come out of the ancient business of carriage building—William Crapo Durant, who was building wagons and carriages at Coldwater, Mich., when the Fishers were making them in Detroit. This coincidence would be more remarkable if it were not common in Wall Street. At present most of the aggressive leaders are recruited from the automobile industry. In an earlier day we had Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, Harriman and others from the railroad business. And still earlier many of the old banking houses like J. P. Morgan and Co., Kuhn, Loeb and Co., Russell Sage, Levi P. Morton, George Peabody, came into Wall Street from the dry-goods business. The elder J. Pierpont Morgan was born when his father, Junius Morgan, was conducting a wholesale dry-goods house in Hartford, Conn.

A Modern Napoleon

The most picturesque, the most engaging, the most audacious operator in this present market is William C. Durant. It is customary to compare all aggressive actors in any field with Napoleon. In Durant's case the comparison is far from inapt. A man of rapid decisions, swift movement, boundless energy and brilliant imagination, his career suggests that of the great Corsican. He has even been to Elba. Indeed for good measure he has been twice to Elba, and each time he has returned, like Napoleon, with a silent, swift, devastating *coup de finance*. He organized General Motors and brought it to its first measure of greatness. And twice he has been exiled from its exalted throne. Twice he has been reduced to what Wall Street regards as penury—a mere million or two. And each time he has come back with an army of glittering millions at his rear.

In Wall Street it is believed that he has made more money out of this market than any other operator. The estimates run all the way from 100 millions up.

Durant's organization of General Motors was one of the notable achievements of industrial (*Continued on page 38*)

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Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche

VI

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN WILSON breaks her engagement with Larry Tracy in order to marry a rich, middle-aged man, named Frank Burton. Larry vows to marry the first woman who will have him.

Shortly after the interview he rescues from a park bench a poverty-stricken, starved though beautiful girl, Joyce Carroll. He takes her to luncheon and she afterward collapses. Realizing her pride he takes her to his home instead of to a hospital.

Next day news of the broken engagement comes out. Joyce, supposing it to be her fault, is much upset until Larry reassures her.

Thinking of his vow to Helen and of how sweet revenge would be, Larry feels that an immediate marriage would do the trick and asks Joyce to marry him. She is incredulous at first but, realizing that this might be a way of repaying him for his kindnesses, she finally consents. As soon as she is well enough they are married and solemnly pledge to each other that the marriage will seem to outsiders a happy marriage but will be in reality a Platonic friendship.

In order to escape publicity they decide to go abroad and while everyone but Larry is busy packing the doorbell rings. Larry answers and is faced by Ratty Rogan, of New York's underworld, who claims to know Joyce and menacingly advises Larry to listen to his story. Larry knocks him down—and the incident is closed.

Shortly after their arrival, at Biarritz, where they take a villa, Larry is suddenly overcome with emotion toward Joyce, draws her to him and kisses her. She threatens to leave him if such a thing should happen again.

They go on from the beach for cocktails at the Bar Basque, where Joyce meets friends of Larry's: Mr. Weedon, an American living in France, whom Larry dislikes and whom Joyce instinctively dislikes; Jeanne Mazell, a lovely American blonde; Billy Valdemagara, a thoroughly likeable Spaniard with red hair and blue eyes, who immediately falls in love with Joyce.

In the afternoon Joyce and Larry play at the *chemin de fer* tables. Joyce wins 40,000 francs and then Larry sees her go outside with a woman. On the way home, when he asks who her friend was, Joyce says she saw no one and that she lost all the money that she had won.

HE WAS not stingy; in fact, he held money rather more lightly than most people who have never needed to work to acquire it. For, difficult of credence though it may be, and not at all in consonance with the shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves axiom, people who have inherited money are far less generous than those who have earned it. This is because those who have inherited wealth realize that their importance is predicated solely upon their possessions, whereas those who have earned money are wont to believe that their achievements make them important, and these latter also have confidence in their ability to make more money.

That Joyce should have lost or given away forty thousand francs would not have mattered to Larry. But that she should lie about the affair was something to arouse indignation. And that indignation would have been translated into instant resentful speech but for the fact that the lie held something of mystery in its brazenness. Those vague suspicions to which Rogan's interrupted tale had given birth were revivified now.

"Lost it all?" he said. He was proud of his light tone and his bantering smile. "What a gambler you are. Well, then, our cabby profits by your loss."

He gave the driver a fifty-franc note, and, of course, the man had no change. He drove off gayly, praying his Basque gods that they would send other mad Americans his way.

Larry threw open the gate and they passed into the villa grounds. He felt his wife's eyes upon him.

"I—I'm sorry," she ventured.

"Sorry? What about?" he asked.

"The money," she replied.

He glanced at her. "It was yours," he said shortly.

"I know, but—after all generosity—"

"THAT tennis court could do with a bit of rolling." He changed the subject abruptly. "Ever play?"

"I'm afraid I'm rusty," she said.

"So am I—haven't had a racquet in my hand for two years. Want to try—tomorrow?"

"I'd love it," she enthusiastically said.

He stopped to speak to the gardener, and when he resumed his interrupted progress to the house she had disappeared. So—she played tennis. Well, nothing surprising in that, was there? She could not always have been on the verge of destitution. Those shabby clothes she had worn when he first saw her had been well-made, had obviously been expensive when purchased. And anyway, he reminded himself with a touch of self-contempt at his own snobbery, tennis wasn't a game played only by people of affluence. Probably she played golf, maybe, for all he knew, could drive a motor, or an airplane. How did he know what she could do, or might have done?

He was in his bedroom now, and through the partly open door he could hear water running in a tub, could hear her halting efforts at conversation with the maid.

"Larry," she called.

It was the first time she had called him by his nickname. Indeed, he could not remember that she had ever given him any title when she addressed him. He had called her Joyce, but it seemed to him that she had carefully avoided any salutation to him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Which is which? Does *froid* mean hot and *chaud* mean cold?"

"The other way around," he laughed.

"No wonder I was parboiled this morning," she responded. "*Froid*—cold. *Chaud*—hot. I'll try to remember. Much obliged."

Light-hearted, gay, inconsequential—this was a different woman from the girl whom he had picked up, starving, from the bench on the park side of Fifth Avenue less than a month ago. Could any woman, even the most superb actress in the world, have just lied and committed deceit and be as gay as she now was?

It didn't seem possible. But there were many impossibilities about her; or, at least, many incredibilities. There was no question about the fact of her having lied to him a few minutes ago. After all, some people have active consciences and others have none at all. She might very well be of this latter class. A lie uttered and accepted was a thing promptly to be forgotten with a girl like her.

A GIRL like her! He sat abruptly down and began to ponder the situation, and as he did so a wry smile curled his lips not too pleasantly. There were just as many varieties of fools in the world as there were varieties of a highly advertised pickle, and he had been all of them.

But there had been certain extenuation for his first foolishness. At least, there had been the cheap extenuation of pique and hurt vanity. But to continue with this farce, this mockery of a sacrament, was impossible save under one condition. That condition was that he should fall in love with his wife.

Now, assure himself though he might that there was no danger of this, he knew that there was grave danger. He had not been inspired to this morning's kiss by the mere sight of her displayed beauty. True, she had been provocative in her beach garb, but that had not been enough to make him seize her, press his lips against her impassive mouth.

He was by way of falling in love with her. His jaw set as he made this admission to himself. Well, before this beginning descent became an actual tumble he would find out something about Joyce.

He couldn't ask her. He couldn't go to her and say that he thought it was time he knew something of her. And the only reason he couldn't do this was because there was only one question he wished to ask. Disguise it as he might, the fact would be patent, with his first words, that he wanted to know whether or not she was a virtuous woman.

Damn it, that was what he wanted to know. And *all* he wanted to know. Why had he let silly chivalrous scruples prevent him from listening to that man Rogan? After all, a girl who marries a complete stranger is not like

He realized that whatever else Joyce might be she was a woman of discernment in matters important to her sex

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

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Larry watched her float by in Billy's arms. He had known she was graceful but had not realized she was superb in movement

a girl whom one has known all one's life. Instinctively one knows that certain women are all that may be demanded. But strangers—marriage was a serious business, and if he had any thought of making this farce of his a real thing, then he should know, had every right to know, to ascertain from any source whatsoever, everything about Joyce that a husband might wish to know about a wife.

HE HAD overlooked an opportunity with Rogan. Well, there was another opportunity right here in Biarritz. Joyce wouldn't have given money to an utter stranger; or, if she had done so, she would not have found it necessary to lie about it.

She had left the gambling table with a woman; she had returned minus some forty-odd thousand francs. Why? Well, maybe the woman in question would tell why. And he had every right to ask. It wasn't as though he had married—well, Helen Wilson. In that case he would undergo torture before permitting anyone else to become privy to his doubts of his own wife. But a stranger, whose actions were mysterious and who lied about them . . .

So he salved his conscience for intending to do a shabby thing. He called to Joyce that he was going for a stroll, and the pretty Basque maid with the harsh voice appeared in the communicating doorway to inform him that Madame was in the bath. Sounds of splashing and a voice raised in a surprisingly sweet contralto would have given him the same information.

"Tell Madame that I'll be back in an hour," he said.

Then, guiltily, like a small boy bent on petty meanness, he ran downstairs.

Down the steep hill to the sea, the action of walking somehow enabling him to divert his mind from thoughts of the thing he was about to do, Larry hastily strode. He came at length to the Municipal Casino, entered, checked his hat and entered the *salon de chemin de fer*.

He strolled about the room, taking it in more thoroughly than this afternoon. The smaller tables, where five pitiful francs was the minimum stake, held his attention briefly. Here were shabby Italians, Spaniards, nondescripts, awaiting each coup with a dreadful intensity. Men and women, of obviously low professions, almost spat at each other in rage at winnings or losings, only to offer cheery encouragement a moment later. A woman, once beautiful, addressed Larry. Just ten francs that she might continue playing. . . . A man, furtive for all his youth, wished a cigarette. . . .

The woman he sought, the woman with whom Joyce had held conversation, was not in the room. So he left, glad that he had not encountered her, happy that fortunate circumstance had prevented him doing a caddish thing.

And then, at the *boule* table, in the outer room, he came upon her. Six deep the townspeople stood around the *boule* table, indulging in the only form of gambling permitted to them in the Casino. For the wary French do not desire that the natives of their towns shall be mulcted by the savage percentage of *chemin de fer*. Nevertheless, the public must be permitted some pleasure, so *boule*, at small stakes, with an even higher percentage, is permitted to those who dwell in the shadow of the great Casinos.

Eying the rubber ball eagerly as it bounded about the table were people whose poverty was apparent. Shabby little shopgirls were risking francs. . . .

About the woman with whom Joyce had left the salon this afternoon the crowd stood ten deep. She was playing maximums, and the fact that the maximum was only a louis, or less than a dollar, made no difference. This outer room stood for poor people's pleasures, and these are necessarily cheaper than rich people's fun.

WIN or lose, the attitude of Joyce's "friend," as Larry angrily termed her, was impeccable. When she purchased fresh chips, she peeled *mille* notes off a fat roll with cheery insouciance. Joyce's money, Larry knew.

But how had this woman, this hard-faced harridan, acquired money from Larry Tracy's wife?

The woman looked up and met Larry's eyes. Had there been the faintest flicker of recognition in her eyes, Tracy would have left the room instantly, and abandoned forever the thought of questioning her. But he was, to her, an utter stranger. He knew that she was not acting. But if she didn't know that he was the husband of the woman from whom she had obtained money this afternoon . . . There could be no doubt of it. Hadn't Joyce admitted that the woman asked for money? And now the woman was, for her kind, rich.

He lingered, watching the player. Again, and then once more, she looked up and met his glance. Then, on the fourth time that their glances encountered each other, the faintest inviting smile flickered on the woman's lips.

Here was youth, and American youth, and being in funds was no deterrent to the desire for further enrichment. She suddenly cashed in, and favored Larry with more than a flicker of a smile now. She gave him the warmest encouragement, and then, as he still stood there, she approached him and spoke.

"Hot work," she said in English. Her accent, he recognized, was of Manhattan.

"It didn't seem to bother you," he said.

She shrugged in patent imitation of her Latin sisters.

"Not much. Had a bit of luck today. But still—it makes a girl thirsty."

A *girl*. She was well into her forties, Larry thought. Still, the life she led did not keep women young. Only the greatly successful courtesans, sought by the great of the world, keep youth beyond the early thirties.

"We might have some champagne," he suggested.

He could almost read her mind. This was a bit of real luck: A rich young American who suggested champagne in the first moment of acquaintance. . . .

"That would be fine," she assented.

He led her to a table in the tiny bar, a bar modeled upon a Frenchman's idea of what the old-time American bar used to be, but achieving a better resemblance to the still-extant lunch counter.

"How long you been over here?" she asked.

"A few weeks," he answered.

"Know anyone?" she inquired.

The waiter uncorked the bottle with solemnity. He permitted the liquid to enter their glasses. The woman gulped hers as though it had been whisky.

"Not many people," he replied.

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"Well, I can show you this town."

"You know everyone, of course," he ventured.

"Oh, nearly everyone," she replied. She didn't wait for him, but refilled her glass herself.

"You had luck today."

"I'll say I did," she boasted. Two glasses of champagne loosened her tongue.

"Bank pass for you several times?"

She shook her head. "Never had luck at the tables. Just ran into an old friend, that's all."

"Old friends don't always bring good luck," he sagely observed.

"This one did," said the woman. Her lips clamped tightly on her words, and the viciousness that her life engendered sprang revelatorily into her eyes. "This one had damn' good reason to bring me luck."

Tracy felt a sickening sensation in the pit of his stomach. But it was not because he knew he was about to learn something concerning Joyce. It was because he had just discovered something about himself. He had learned that he was the type of person who is willing to seek dirt in dirty places, the kind of man who, not content with his observations, will ask questions about a woman.

Not from revelation about Joyce, but from revelation about himself, he suddenly fled.

"Sorry — don't feel well — another time—" He gasped the words as he threw a hundred-franc note on the table to cover the cost of the wine, and almost ran from the little bar.

He recovered his hat and stick and made his hasty way out into the fresh air. He gulped it in. Behind him was uncleanness, filth—yet he was of that uncleanness, himself. God forgive Joyce if there were shameful things in her past, but would God forgive him for being untrue to his own code? Well, thank heaven, he had at the last moment withdrawn. He hadn't been low enough to ask the ultimate question.

JOYCE, according to her maid, was asleep when he reached Resaurie, so, though it was still rather early, he decided to change now. Bathed and in his dinner clothes, he awaited her awakening. And as he sat in his room, trying to concentrate on the pages of a book, he made a resolve. Doc Blanchard's words came back to him; he saw again the physician's indignation with him for taking advantage of Joyce's poverty and weakened condition and hurrying her into marriage.

After all, there were two sides to this matter. What right had he to expect anything from Joyce? She had told him nothing about herself, therefore there could be no issue of truth or falsehood between them. He had married her for an unworthy reason. That, learning to care for her, he should demand of her all those things which husbands demand of wives was an injustice. This was no wooed and courted maiden who had paraded before her suitor all those treasures of youth and beauty and grace and virtue—in his mind he accented this last—as maidens have from time immemorial. She had pretended nothing, promised nothing.

Therefore—and this he vowed—no word from any other person would influence his judgment of her. Whatever knowledge might come to him of her would come *from* her and from no one else. No matter what she might be, he at least would try to live up to his own ideal of what he should be.

Somehow, decent resolutions make the past seem unimportant, the present pleasant, and the future almost roseate. He was quite gay when she knocked upon his door and, in response to his invitation, entered the room.

She had taste, no doubt of that. The silver-sequined frock held a most deceiving simplicity of line. He realized, not for the first time, that whatever else Joyce might be, she was a woman of discernment in those matters which are important to her sex. She knew that cut was more important than material.

"You will be," he complimented clumsily, "the belle of the ball tonight."

She curtsied deeply. "I *do* look rather well," she admitted. There was not the slightest vanity in her remark. It would, Tracy realized, have been silly of her to pretend embarrassment. She must know that she was lovely, and it would have been a cheap mock-modesty for her to deny it.

"But," she straightened up, "I shall have competition. Mrs. Mazell is quite the loveliest thing I ever looked at."

HE SHOOK his head. "There can never be competition between a blonde and a brunette, if the two have sense. Each acts as a foil—"

"Where did you learn these matters?" she laughed.

"Did you and Jeanne enter into an alliance or not?" he smiled.

Her upper lip pursed deliciously.

"You frighten me—you know too much—see too much—for a man."

"Then I'm right?" he insisted.

"Mrs. Mazell and I—well, we understand each other," she admitted.

"Devils," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked in obviously feigned surprise.

"Without a word—by a glance or an intonation—you divided all the males at the Bar Basque today. Tonight you'll make the division definite. And, of course, the men—even husbands—have nothing to say about it."

"Do you mind?" Her wish to please was patent. "I mean—the Marquis—"

"You know already, of course, exactly when the Marquis will say such and such, try this or that—"

She shook her head. "I can tell you what he'll say, but he'll never *try*—"

"Sorry. I didn't mean to imply anything unflattering," he said.

"Of course you didn't. But you implied so many flattering things. . . ." She paused and eyed him almost wistfully. "Do you know," she went on, "that to meet men—charming men like Billy Valdemagara—who want to play—and don't want to be serious—just wish to be amiable and agreeable and can't help being charming—well, it's nice."

"I'm glad you like my friends," he said. He wanted to bite his tongue for its clumsy stilted way of phrasing things. Must he always be self-conscious before this girl? He felt angry with her. She should be the one to feel self-conscious, not he.

"I do. And I hope they like me. I know they like you. But I hope that Jeanne Mazell doesn't like you too well."

"Now what on earth do you mean by that?" he cried.

She pursed her lips. "One can be jealous, you know, even when one doesn't love."

Then she laughed outright at him. "My dear, you take life too seriously."

"You think so? Well, I won't take it so tonight," he promised.

"I'm glad of that. For this is my first—party in—well, it seems in all my life," she told him.

"Then I shall try to make it a happy one," he promised.

The reserve was situated at St. Jean de Luz, fifteen or twenty kilometers away from Biarritz, and toward the Spanish border. Through a soft and starry night, with frequent glimpses of a whitely gleaming surf, they raced, until, some time after nine, they arrived at the popular restaurant.

They were among the later arrivals, and groups of people, cocktail glasses in hand, hailed them excitedly. A new beauty—word had gone about the summer colony—had arrived in Biarritz, and every woman appraised Joyce jealously and men fought for presentation. For beauty is a cult abroad, and Americans yield themselves to its sway as readily as the most romantic Latin.

THEY were hardly within the precincts of the restaurant when Joyce was separated from her husband. Billy Valdemagara constituted himself her cavalier.

"You will," he instantly insisted, "be eternally faithful to me?"

"But naturally," said Joyce. "Until, of course, I meet someone more attractive."

"That," said the Spaniard grandiloquently, "is impossible. Me, I am the sort of man whom women adore. Ah, you smile. But don't you see? You wonder now why women should adore me—wonder and curiosity are the same thing. So you will be curious about me for—oh, forever, still wondering at what there is to adore in me. You will never learn and so—"

He was *nice*. Of course, it was nonsense, trifling nothings, but—nice.

His oddly-freckled face assumed great gravity.

"I always prove my friendship at the start," he said. "I would warn you against your husband."

His voice was so serious that she was genuinely startled.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"The man," said the Marquis, "is patently charming. Otherwise how could he have won so beautiful a creature as yourself? Charming men are faithless, fickle, inwardly cruel—"

"Are you all those things, too?"

He beamed upon her. He turned to the group about them.

"My friends—the Basque country's latest and most lovely arrival has told me that I am charming. I ask you, my faithful and devoted ones, to drink a toast to me, Billy Valdemagara, *charming* Billy Valdemagara."

It was *fun*. Oh, maybe childish, but—*fun*. Only when Weedon drew her apart for a moment, brought his oily countenance too close to hers, did fun depart. Few, she suddenly realized, could play at flirtation gracefully. When those unfitted attempted the game, it became sordid and ugly. She despised Weedon with an instinctive and instantaneous contempt.

But the Marquis was in no mood to let any rival monopolize her for more than a moment. He neatly cut her out from Weedon.

Larry, engaged in gay controversy with Jeanne Mazell, saw her float by in the arms of Billy. His jaw dropped. He knew that she was graceful, but he had not realized that she was superb in movement. Jeanne laughed.

"I let her have the Marquis—that isn't fair—I couldn't have held Billy. Those red-heads love black-haired people—but I didn't debate the matter, and you know I didn't, Larry. Here's the best beau in Biarritz, and I surrendered him without a struggle, and, Larry, you know I could defend my own, now don't you?"

"Jeanne," he laughed, withdrawing his gaze from Joyce by a visible effort, "few women could hope to compete with you."

"Thank you, angel," she smiled. "But when I deeded over Billy Valdemagara, it was on the distinct understanding that I was to acquire you in exchange. But you, my simple-souled man, are in love with your wife. Larry Tracy, you annoy me. You've been married a month or so, haven't you? You've had time enough to discover flaws, frailties in perfection, and—er—you haven't paid me a compliment in five minutes."

"Jeanne," he began, "only my deep regard for your husband—"

SHE interrupted him with a laugh. "Go, you poor man, and dance with your wife." She detained him a moment with a light touch. "And I don't blame you. Larry—she's exquisite."

Well, Jeanne Mazell gave affection sparingly to women. The cosmopolitan colony of which Jeanne was leader would take Joyce to their hearts. But meantime he would like to hold her against his own heart, dance with her. . . .

He cut in on Valdemagara.

This was their first dance together. On shipboard, when he had suggested it, Joyce had pleaded the motion of the ship. But now she was in his arms, and he was conscious of her as he had not been even this morning when he had strained her to him.

Exquisite, Jeanne Mazell had called her. But the word was not enough. The word connoted fragility, lack of fire . . . and this creature was alive, vital, superb. (*Continued on page 43*)

In Next Week's Collier's

Air Command

By LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

Another stirring story of the flying fighters in France by the author of "An Errand for Lady-bird," "The Yankee Musketeers," "Pryde's Fall" and other popular stories

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Modest Man

By Walter Davenport

Peace has its perils as well as war—take it from Sergeant Bracci

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Poole grasped the model by its wooden base and hurled it like a javelin

ABOVE the heads of Sergeant Bracci and Private Poole a fan of machine-gun bullets swished the village of Mercidieu.

Bracci and Poole were safe enough, hunkered in the short trench which was the battalion's observation post. And the battalion half a mile back in the village was as secure as soldiers have any right to expect to be, keeping to the short spurs of lateral streets and off the star-lit Briey Road.

The Germans had retired northward, covering their retreat with harassing troops, two squads of which, with machine guns, occupied an ammunition magazine tunnel in the side of Mount Mauvais commanding the Briey Road and neatly stoppering Mercidieu.

From his muddy sanctuary Sergeant Bracci contemplated the brilliant heavens, occasionally giving Private Poole the benefit of his opinions on war and peace, all pessimistic.

"Another thing, Pooley," he said. "There ain't no use wishing the war was over either because, while there mightn't be so much noise, things is going to be just about as bad off. Do you know what's going to happen?"

"When?"

"When do you think I'm talking about? When the war's over. Listen: When the big elks back there get all through thinking up ideas for you and me to lick, and ship us back to Pittsburgh, do you think all them generals and majors and captains is going to be satisfied going back to what they was doing for a living before the war? They are like hell."

Poole received this depressing view of the future in silence. Perhaps it was quite too much for him. That his buddy might have ample time to ponder on the outlook, Bracci said no more for a few moments. But he did not remain idle.

He elevated his helmet on the point of his bayonet until it was above ground. He held it there expectantly. Nothing happened to it and he lowered it.

"Too dark for the snipers," he said. "And the machine guns is too high. But tomorrow morning ain't going to be nobody's birthday unless somebody knocks them Jerries off out there on the mountain."

"What about when the war's over and the Colonel and them back there have to go to work?" demanded Poole earnestly.

"What's going to happen," said the Sergeant, "is this: They're all going into politics, that's what. The old man'll probably run for governor or somepin, which is as good a break as we can expect, I guess; but all the rest of them is going to run for mayor of Pittsburgh and the ones who don't get it will have to take somepin else. Yessir, Pooley, about the only things you and me are going to miss is the noise. We'll be taking our orders as usual from the same guys only we'll be paying for our chow instead of getting it off the government free—*when* we get it. Yessir, Pooley, it's going to be about the same only its going to cost us more dough."

A particularly vicious burst from the machine guns on the mountainside diverted his attention. Long, searching and derisive, they blazed down upon Mercidieu to flatten their leaden venom against the pock-marked walls, like a bedeviled blind man lashing out in fury with his stick.

BUT, the breezy whimper of the bullets dying away, Bracci dismissed the aimless assault with a shrug and single-mindedly pursued his chosen topic:

"Of course, not all of them is going into politics, especially lieutenants. I know two lieutenants who are going to marry a couple of million dollars and I wouldn't be surprised if there was more. From what I heard all the rich women back home have gone nuts over lieutenants. What you going to do, Pooley?"

"When?"

"When the war's over in spite of them leather legs back in headquarters."

"Mebby," said Poole slowly, "mebby I'll get married."

"Who to?"

"She's a dressmaker."

"She's a what?"

"She makes dresses," explained Poole a little defiantly. "Sews 'em. Why? She's in business for herself."

"Pooley," said the Sergeant, calming himself with an effort, "Pooley, I'm glad you mentioned this. Yessir, Pooley, it's a good thing you ain't sitting here in this hole in the ground with a guy who's never been nowhere. My God! A modest."

"A what?"

"A modest. That's what they are when they go in business for themselves—modests. They get awful sore if you call them dressmakers. Listen, Pooley. No."

"What do you mean, no?" demanded Poole, injured. "She's a hell of a swell girl if anyone asks you."

"Pooley, how far is this thing been? How long is this been going on?

"She makes a lot of dough."

"All I got to say is, lay off," said Sergeant Bracci. "Now you can do what you wanta but, I'm telling you, I like you, Pooley. Listen. Did this modest of yours ever mention the name of a girl named Kitty from Wilkinsburg?"

"Mebby she did. I don't remember."

"She probably knows her," said Bracci. "They all know each other. This Kitty and me used to be as thick as a couple of artillery guys. I guess I must of shot the best part of a winter spending next week's pay on her every Wednesday night before I found out that a guy can't marry a modest and expect anybody to keep on calling him mister."

A SHELL whirtled overhead, the first of the evening. It passed far above Bracci and Poole and ended its crying flight beyond the village, where it smashed into the ground with an iron clang. A moment later its mate arrived, falling shorter and completing the ruin of a cow stable.

"That one," said Sergeant Bracci, "come nearer dropping in for a cup of tea. Mebby Jerry'll settle it for you, Pooley, and, boy, I dunno but what it wouldn't be doing you a favor unless you listen to me and forget this modest woman. Me and this Kitty got along like a couple of paper dolls for a while and then she decided to sew me up.

"She asked me to the house for Sunday dinner saying she had some friends she wanted to see me. I went, Pooley, and believe me that modest never saw me no more unless it was by accident. The friends she wanted to see me was six dames."

More shells came over, this time a flock of them ominously bracketing the village. Sergeant Bracci listened expertly.

"Jerry," said he, "is tired retiring and is going to sit down for a while. Those ash cans are just to remind us not to get fresh. Somebody's apt to get hurt if he keeps that up. You and me, we're all right as long as we don't get a direct one or Jerry don't hit that house there."

(*Continued on page 40*)

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At Sea

By William O'Brien

The Story Thus Far:

LATE the night before sailing, Hardy, the purser of the freighter Delkirk, is assaulted and the safe robbed of jewels and currency. He is taken to the hospital and the ship sails for Southampton on schedule bearing all who were aboard the night before, with the addition of the famous detective, Windy Costello. The passengers are Mr. and Mrs. Duval, a dancing team; Reverend Dr. Hornsby, a sanctimonious clergyman; Ling Foo, a Chinese merchant; and Miss Jennifer Green.

As soon as the ship is well under way Captain Andrews calls all the passengers into the cabin to question them. It is discovered that Duval had once been in jail for thievery, but his wife insists that he has gone straight since. Hornsby testifies to having seen Jennifer Green *moving down a corridor with an empty bird cage.* Miss Green admits this but says she stumbled over it in the dark. From Mrs. Duval it is discovered that the cage had been brought aboard by Foo filled with pigeons.

Detective Costello quietly remarks on the fact that schemes had recently been successful whereby stolen goods were transported by carrier pigeons.

The gathering suddenly see the implication and turn toward Foo. He jumps up, covers them with a revolver, escapes from the cabin, and disappears.

III

THE locked cabin door didn't remain locked very long, but by the time it was opened there was no Chinaman. Not any sign of a Chinaman! It was as though the sea had swallowed him. During that afternoon and some of the days that followed this thought kept recurring to Andrews—perhaps the sea *had* swallowed him. The ship was searched, ransacked, combed and curried for Foo—and no Foo was forthcoming.

Andrews stormed often enough at his crew. He would accuse the searchers of making but a half-hearted effort, but when he himself headed them on another search, he returned as empty-handed as when he set out. The ship was scoured from truck to keelson without avail.

It was a day of terror for the passengers, intensified because Foo was a Chinaman. There is always something subtly terrifying in the unknown. Had the fugitive been an American, they would have been frightened, but they would have had some background of knowledge of the man; he would be one whose ends were the same as their own, his motivations the same, even if his practices were devious and vicious. But a Chinaman—he was the incalculable alien. What sinister designs shaped themselves back of those pleasant, hard, black eyes? What was he going to do, and how would he do it?

The endless afternoon wore into evening. The passengers, with the exception of Costello, had spent almost the entire day thus far huddled together in the saloon. Andrews, looking in shortly after dinner, felt a sudden contempt for the whole sorry lot of them—always excluding Jennifer. And she had been magnificent. She apparently appreciated their horror and felt it. But she fought herself clear of it.

"I'd like to talk to you for a few minutes if I may, Captain," she said.

"Certainly," he answered. She led the way out on deck. Mrs. Duval looked after them beseechingly as though to hold them in the room, but said nothing. Dr. Hornsby and Duval merely seemed downcast.

"That's a pleasant lot you're penned with," he said, immediately differentiating her from the others.

"They're frightened," she said in a matter-of-fact tone, with no hint of accusation in it. She came right to the point: "Captain, haven't you any pistols or revolvers—two, at any rate—which you could give to the men? They probably do not know how to use them, but it would buck the whole party up a lot. We feel so defenseless now. And we are. You and Mr. Costello probably both have guns and probably both know how to use them. But we have no protection. Every time a sailor walks past a porthole we get a fearful fright. It is really rather awful."

"Why, yes," he answered. "I can give them guns." He paused. "Why doesn't Costello stay with you?" he asked.

"I don't know. That was one of the things I wanted to talk to you about. Won't you speak to him? It would have an instant effect on all of us if he stayed with us. He has some idea of meeting any situation which may come up. We haven't. He would be a rallying point—for our courage if for nothing else."

"I don't quite understand why he stays away. Probably he's conducting some private investigation of his own in his own way. However, I will talk to him. I think I can persuade him to stay with you."

Jennifer had made both of her points with unexpected ease. She followed up:

"Haven't you any clue as to what became of Foo?"

"Not one—not a single one. I'm almost tempted to believe that he has gone over the side. I *know*, though, that he hasn't. Why I know it I can't say." He stopped in his walk and leaned on the rail at the stern of his ship. Jennifer paused beside him. "You know, Miss Green, the whole affair hasn't unscrambled itself in my mind yet. Why did he make that dramatic exit? We had not proven a thing. Duval and his wife were under suspicion. So were you. So was Johnson. And so was Foo. We didn't have a thing on him. I've puzzled over it, but I'm still at sea."

He switched the subject suddenly. "How have the men been behaving?" he asked.

SHE thought a moment. "Well, Duval is shot to pieces—no backbone at all. But he does have moments of cheerfulness. I think by tomorrow he will recover a lot. I really think he knows something about Foo and is keeping his mouth shut. Frankly, that's an unsupported guess, though. Even yet we haven't learned to trust one another. Hornsby is different. He says very little. Occasionally he quotes some little verse from his Bible—to comfort us. I suppose that he's frightened, but I don't know. He sits in the corner and looks like a man who has his back to the wall. That's sort of silly. He's really been very nice. But I don't think he'll be much help if anything happens."

Andrews stared over the sea into the gathering night. The ship pitched forward in the slow, majestic rhythm he loved. Jennifer, beside him, felt the first sense of peace and security she had experienced that day. She watched the huge following wave, always about to collapse on them, but never quite making it. Suddenly she wanted to forget Foo and everything his name connoted.

"A ship's wake is a lovely sight," she said and stared along the widening white avenue running into the twilight.

He did not answer at once. Then he laughed shortly and said, "It is. Do you know, I hadn't seen it as a thing of loveliness, and I was looking at it when you spoke? All I saw was a straight line. To me that means that Johnson at the wheel is holding us on a true course. Many men, you know, never do get the feel of a ship, and you can check it by the snake's course they steer." There was a little pause. "It's pleasant to see through another's eyes once in a while." He turned and smiled at her.

HIS smile was an infrequent one, but it was engaging and ingenuous. She—well, she liked it. But it was too disarming, and she did not relish being disarmed.

He went on: "I suppose every sailor man that ever sailed the seas has said it—but it's a lonely life—and lonelier when you get your ship. This is my second. I've served eight years as a master. My first ship never carried passengers. This one does, but I never know them. I wouldn't know this present set—and you—if it weren't for this Hardy affair."

Now, a man talking to a woman in this vein can be either absurd or appealing. It depends on the listener. Jennifer thought him rather too appealing. She switched quickly back to the subject which, two minutes ago, she had striven to avoid.

"Captain, there's one thing I do not understand. You remember when we first talked about the robbery?"

He nodded, his eyes running down the straining, turning log rope. She went on:

"Why did you tell me that you knew who it was that did it?"

Again he waited before replying: "You know, I was sure that some time soon you were going to ask me that. I've been trying to make up an answer. It isn't a very good one, but it's just about true. In the first place, I thought if I took the bull by the horns and pretended to each passenger in turn that I knew all about the matter, that I might get a reasonable basis for inquiry. It didn't work out, as you know."

She waited for him to continue, but he did not. There on the stern of the ship they seemed far away from everyone. Such sounds as they heard, the gurgle of slipping water, the musical crash of the straining ship's plates and the steady, humming vibrations of the engines, were so much thrilling silence. She broke it:

"You say, 'in the first place.' You imply that there are other reasons."

"Well, there was one other reason. I've been thinking how to put it into words. It was like this." His speech was fumbling, quite apart from his usual terse manner. "I—I thought I might interest you. I thought I might prolong our talk." He reddened, and his words came with a rush: "It was silly, wasn't it?"

She stiffened suddenly. "Very silly," she said. "Let us go back to the saloon."

Andrews had recovered himself entirely when they reëntered the saloon. He took immediate command. He said to them all, "I've been thinking your situation over, and Miss Green has explained what an unhappy one it is. I am going to issue a revolver and cartridges to each of you men. If either of you see Foo, do not hesitate to use it. I will assume the entire responsibility for any trouble which may ensue if Foo is wounded—or killed."

DR. HORNSBY was especially grateful for this.

"I was a fair shot with one when I was a boy, Captain. Before I dedicated my life to the service of the Lord, I would prowl about the downs at night shooting at hares. If you have ever attempted this exercise, you will realize how difficult it is. I had a very fair proficiency."

"Good," replied Andrews laconically. "I'll send them in to you right off. Now, I have one other suggestion to make. Act on it or not, as you see fit. I think it would be well if you all slept together here in the saloon. I can have two cots rigged up for the ladies, but you gentlemen will have to sleep on the lounge." He was referring to a hard plush lounge which ran around the entire saloon. "This may be uncomfortable physically, but you will be safer than if you were scattered all about the ship."

Mrs. Duval spoke up eagerly: "Please send the cots, Captain. I have been so scared. I couldn't sleep otherwise."

They all agreed that this was the best arrangement, though it proved a rather awkward one. They necessarily had to make their toilets in the privacy of their several staterooms and then appear in dressing gowns. But anything was better than a lonely night and the possibility of the demoniac Foo appearing.

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Dr. Hornsby unexpectedly proved to be a sturdier prop than they had reckoned him to be.

Just before they had turned in he addressed them. There was enough of his forensic pulpit manner in his talk to have rendered it a little ridiculous if it were not for its gravity.

"My friends, we have come together through an anguished two days. We have all been frightened. I am ashamed to say that I faced this night with trepidation, I, who know that I have only to lay my petty troubles on the broad shoulders of my Maker and He will comfort me. In my cabin I prayed and light was vouchsafed me. He is our Shepherd and will lead us to lie down in green pastures. I shall sleep untroubled and so shall all of you if you make your peace with Him. I shall lead you in the Lord's Prayer."

Some of the tenseness of their terror departed from them when he had finished. They had disliked him vaguely, as a pompous person, but now they thought it well to reconsider their estimate. Apparently he had, on occasion, a distinct dignity and grace.

Meanwhile Captain Andrews talked to Costello. He seemed less perturbed than anyone. When Andrews told him that he could not understand why Foo left when and as he did, Costello laughed.

"He's aboard," he said, "and we'll get him. He's a nut. And you can always get a nut. There wasn't any reason for his breaking out the way he did. We didn't have a thing on him. That stuff about the pigeons was just a shot in the dark. I really don't think it fazed him. Most yeggs think they're so clever that they want everyone to know how clever they are. Maybe that's why he busted out and told us. He more than likely had his hiding place all fixed. Where he went wrong is thinking he could bunk himself away for a week and a half. Why, he's so crazy to let us know what a smart guy he is that he'll bust out again before we land. Mind what I tell you."

"I don't know," replied Andrews. "These Chinamen are a peculiar people. It's hard to tell what they'll do."

"Oh, bunk," said Costello. "Say, I spent four years as a harness bull in Chinatown. They're just the same as the Irish or the Jews. They're people. They eat and they drink and they get married and they get stewed and they get mad. No different than anyone else. Nobody knows them very well, so all kinds of stories get going around about them. Now this Chink, Foo, is no different from you than I am—except for his nuttiness. And he is a nut. I can spot one a mile off."

Andrews attempted to persuade Costello to bunk with the other passengers in the saloon that night, but he was unsuccessful in this. "I've got a crazy hunch, Captain," he said, "that's so crazy that I won't tell you about it. Anyway, I'll stay in my own room. . . ."

The next day was quite uneventful. Emotionally, people are singularly adjustable. If they must live under conditions of terror, they adapt themselves to them—not easily nor fully, but they do fit themselves.

So it proved on the Delkirk. Even Duval convalesced to the point of reciting a tale of his own valor. It had to be frequently interrupted while the listeners asked for translation. Thus:

"Well, this 'git-'em-up' boy shoves a rod in my bread basket about two feet long. 'Git-'em-up,' he says."

"What's a 'git-'em-up' boy? What's a rod?" asked Jennifer curiously.

"He means that a hold-up man held a revolver to his stomach," suggested Dr. Hornsby unexpectedly.

"That's it, Rev. 'Git-'em-up,' he says. Well, I got 'em up, all right. You never can tell when one of them guys is coked to the nozzle with snow. But this guy looks like a right fellow. So I says, 'Take anything you can find, Jack, but don't be rough or I'll smack you silly.' If he'd 'a' started anything, I'd 'a' laid him like a rug."

Jennifer listened, marveling at the elasticity of the man. Here was the person who only yesterday had been reduced to sniveling limpness through fear, actually boasting of his prowess. Mrs. Duval shut him off. She seemed genuinely fond of him and apparently in the habit of interposing herself between him and the buffets of life.

"Don't be an oil can, Jimmy," she said delicately.

Costello was around more frequently than he had been on the previous day, but he had little to say. He did assure them, however, that he felt confident of getting Foo. "He can't get off. We have him cornered."

He said as much to Andrews. The latter, however, was seriously canvassing the possibility of Foo's having gone over the side. He drove his crew repeatedly into every corner and cranny of the ship, but to no result.

That night passed as smoothly as the day. . . .

THE following morning brought promise of a storm which did not fulfill itself until late in the afternoon. Then it broke out with intense fury.

The Delkirk was tossing heavily, through a wide arc. Once Jennifer started in terror when the ship, almost on her beam ends and just starting to straighten, was smashed by a huge wave which canted her over even further. For a huge second Jennifer doubted fearfully whether she ever would right herself.

To make matters worse, neither of the men were good sailors, and the saloon became nauseating.

Jennifer finally fell into a fitful doze, from which she was awakened by finding Mrs. Duval bending over her.

"I can't stand it any longer," she whispered. "I'm going on deck for a few minutes. Will you come?"

Jennifer shook her head sleepily. Mrs. Duval went out through the door opening on the deck. The wind almost tore the door knob from her hand, but she retained her grip. For a second she hesitated, afraid to venture into this black raging void of night. Then she went out.

Despite his sickness, Dr. Hornsby looked up as the door opened. When he saw who was there he subsided at once with a groan.

The moment Mrs. Duval was on deck she regretted coming. She clung tightly to the rail which ran along the block of staterooms. The wind tore at her in leaping gusts. But the air was good, after the stuffy cabin, when she could catch her breath. She decided to make one circuit of the deck.

She crept along cautiously until she was outside her own stateroom. Her eyes were filled with tears induced by the wind. But she noticed that her room was flooded with light. This was odd. It arrested her attention for a moment. She would have looked into the room had she been able, but the porthole was above her head. A shadow fell suddenly athwart it and a flicker of fear shot through her. She stood still.

Who could be in that room? She had locked it when she left three hours before. Her husband hadn't gone from the saloon in (*Continued on page 30*)

Illustrated by R. G. Sisley

The gale rushed out of the night and she clung forcibly to the rail. Suddenly she was looking into an impassioned, evil yellow face

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No Mother to Guide Her

She was a lovely young actress and she was alone in a great city—and free

NATURALLY the girl cried some. Nerves alone might account for that. Bound to be upsetting to see your mother carted off in a black van. And calling it politely a nervous breakdown wouldn't help much. But Jane Jones, studying Betty, decided that her heart wasn't broken. Nothing like that. More like a daze. The mother, Grizzly Adams (so a waggish press agent once styled her), had hemmed the girl in. Cowed her. Hardly lovable. Rather a magnificent old battle-ax, Grizzly, a terror at bartering out contracts. No manager ever put anything over on *her!* . . . But to Jane that quaint subspecies of human, the stage mother, was old stuff. Her thoughts swung back to the girl.

Betty sat on her foot in a corner of the davenport. She was a lovely thing, slim and blue-eyed and blond and lissom. It was exciting to think of all she stood for, and of this abrupt, wrenching rearrangement of her life. Like letting a canary out of its cage! Anything might happen. There'd never been a let-up in her daily grind of dancing, singing, fencing. Grizzly had seen to that. But would Betty keep up the drive? Then all the men. Grizzly had fought them off, sat them out, frowned them down. Would Betty? Doubtful.

And Sam Karber. You know, Karber & Andrews. "K. & A.!"

Jane, whose Broadway wisdom ran deep and still, knew much about Sam. There was the cute one. A wheedling, intriguing, buck-passing monster, part of him. Another part was child. Stagestruck, hard-boiled, susceptible, cruel, vain. People were complicated creatures. Betty here . . . she looked gentle, sort of yielding . . . but the slight body was hung on steel wires. Years of ballet technique will do that. You couldn't tell, possibly, what the child might do. She'd never been out on her own, you see. Never before now.

CURIOUS to think how the old she-bear had built up the girl into a piece of substantial property. Like real estate. A bit of corner land at, say, Broadway and Fiftieth. Betty was only twenty-two or so. She looked younger. But she'd had three and a half years on Broadway; first when as understudy she stepped into Marion Mason's satin slippers in Buddy Be Good; then as star in her own right in Sing-Song. Two solid years of that at the New Manhattan.

Everybody in America knew the name now. Betty Adams. It had a solid cash value. Funny the movies hadn't got after her harder. Something about her nose. It did turn up a little. But what of it? All the more piquant.

Odd to think of mother and daughter living on here in this Harlem flat. K. & A. must have been paying five hundred a week, perhaps more. You could only guess. Not much of it had been spent here. Tucked away somewhere there'd be quite a bit of money.

But something would have to be done about the child. You couldn't just leave her. . . . "You'd better move right in with me, dearie."

Betty wept for a time. Then she ventured, in a shaky voice, "I had to call somebody up. It was awful."

"Glad you picked on me, Betty. Had so much trouble, me, I wouldn't feel comfortable without it."

"I was wondering if you wouldn't move in with me, Jane."

The older woman pursed a rather pretty mouth. She had only a double bed herself and what a euphemistic landlord insisted was a kitchenette.

"All right. But I'm going to take you out of here this evening. Promised to go to an arty theater down in the village. A rehearsal. Some merry little Czechoslovakian piece or other. You know, murder and incest and the slow death of souls. . . . Lord, but it feels good to be out of work and free to bat around. Though I'll tell the Evening Sun I could use the money."

Feeling that she'd better keep the talk up, Jane added, "You'll meet an interesting boy down there. Kendall Baker."

"I've seen the name," said Betty absently.

"Oh, yes! He's made himself felt. A child too. Very little older than you. An amazing talent."

Jane itched to know something of Betty's business situation. The contract with K. &. A. must have run out with the closing of Sing-Song in June. What would the child do about that? No casual friend or adviser, even if keen, even if honest, could pick a way through the web of contractual detail.

The telephone rang. "That thing's been going all day," muttered Betty. Jane, sitting in the morris chair, caught only snatches, with long gaps filled by a squeaky male voice.

Betty sat against the table, with her slimly muscular legs braced forward. "It was Mr. Kerstow."

"Of K. & A.?"

"Yes. They want me to come in today and sign the new contract."

"Don't you go near that office. Send 'em to your lawyer."

"Oh. . . . Mr. Ranson called up a while ago. He's the lawyer. He said that too." Vaguely moody, Betty considered, "I've never decided anything for myself. Kerstow wanted to know if I needed money."

"Betty, for Heaven's sake don't accept a cent from them! Will you take it from a battered old veteran, child? Will you? Don't accept one cent. And don't write a letter. And don't *say* anything. They'll steal the shirt off your back."

BETTY nodded. But there was always that vagueness about her. Sam would twist her around. Unless some other influence captured her first.

The doorbell rang. It was a florist's boy with orchids. A big bouquet, six at least. Jane did a little quick figuring.

"From Mr. Karber," said Betty, fingering the card. You could see that the bouquet pleased her. It wasn't too good. She went on talking her thoughts out. "Mr. Kerstow said the new piece is ready. Sid Stern and Harry Rose brought in their last lyrics this afternoon. And they've signed up Gus Halper to do the comedy."

"What are they calling it?"

"Sleepytime."

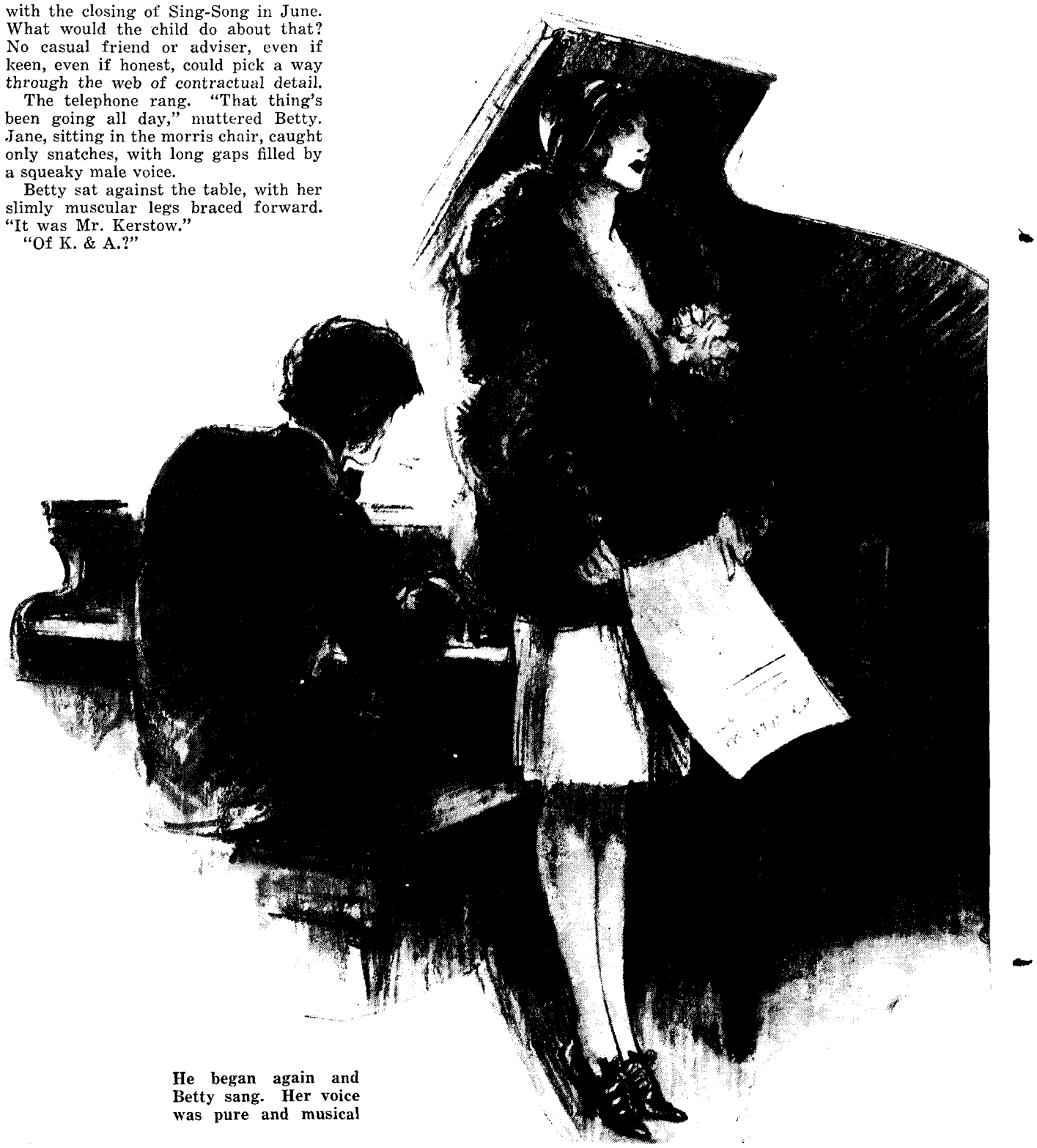
"Good title."

"There's a wonderful number for me, he says, Sing Me to Sleep. He thinks it'll go bigger than Lazy Moon."

"Wonder if there's a job in it for me."

"Oh, I hope so, Jane. By the way, I wondered—do you mind my speaking of it?—if you need any money."

"Bless your heart, no, child!"

"Mr. Ranson said he'd fix it up so I can have all I need. I'm of age, you see." A faintly petulant note crept into her voice. "And I earned all of it."

He began again and Betty sang. Her voice was pure and musical

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By Samuel Merwin

They rode down Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue on top of a bus. Betty fell silent. She was trying to think her way out of that daze. Queer how habit hung on. Freedom was hers, but she couldn't catch the feel of it. Real freedom. Money and everything. Queer.

"Where do you want to eat, dear?" Jane asked.

"The Brevoort! I've never been there. Mother never—I'm going to have potatoes au gratin. And ice cream."

Already the child was stepping.

"That'll be quite a dinner."

"Oh, chicken too. Broiled." Betty glanced down at her orchids, and a hint of color brushed her wan cheeks. "Vanilla ice cream with hot chocolate sauce."

Stepping? She was leaping!

YOU turned in through a curtained store front. Beyond the curtains was a sloping floor and rows of benches and girls in smocks and (oh, yes!) boys in smocks, and down at the end of a smoky tunnel a somber play going on.

And a young man sitting on the one aisle, leaping up now and then to shout at the performers. Sometimes he climbed on the stage to work out a grouping. A slender youth who moved with the nervous ease of a panther. A soft blue collar that was open at the neck. A high forehead and a large head. A striking head.

After the rehearsal Jane introduced the young director. Jane knew everybody, all sorts. She read and thought a lot, Jane, and went in for interesting things, but could only make a living throwing those long legs of hers around in musical shows. She said, "Ken, this is Betty Adams. Kendall Baker."

He said, "How do you do?" The fine forehead was beaded with sweat. The dark eyes (that seemed to burn) looked at her without quite seeing her. But he saw the orchids. Looked down at them with a slight contraction of the brows. His mouth was delicately chiseled. He went off looking for his coat. Betty, wondering in her confused reverie, felt some pique.

They drifted with the others to his studio near by. A tall room, dimly lit, with a lot of books and an old grand piano heaped with music. A pale foreigner was introduced—a Mr. Schevenik, or something like that. There were cigarettes, and gin in ginger ale. A confused gabble, but what Betty (sitting rather forlornly on a couch beside Jane) caught of it was bright, keen talk. She wished Kendall Baker would come over and talk to her, but he didn't—just bustled about. She thought, "He doesn't know who I am!"

Two or three of the girls were whispering together. One asked if Miss Adams wouldn't dance. Asked Jane. Betty was biting her lip, but inclined her head. That girl called out, "Oh, Ken! Betty Adams is going to dance."

He glanced over at her, then, tossing his cigarette into the fireplace, went to the piano and struck into the Lazy Moon number from Sing-Song. So he did know about her! Flushing with anger, she sang and danced. She'd show them! Show him too! Capture them just as she'd always captured the audiences up at the New Manhattan. She put everything in, even the smile and the rapturous little giggle at the end as she ran offstage—in this case to the divan. They clapped a lot and said things. But Kendall Baker merely reached for a cigarette.

Jane patted her shoulder. Jane was mothering her. She felt that, and wasn't sure she liked it. That sense of freedom was coming truer. As a matter of fact, she'd only met Jane six months back, when Lucille Doane left the cast and Jane came in. She hadn't even liked her at first. She always had to get used to new persons. She thought, "I hate that Kendall Baker! Who does he think he is, anyway?" And dug her nails into her palms. But to the casual eye, curled up there, she looked, even with that lingering flush, demure and wistful and lovely.

Her eyes turned to the table at her elbow. There were a lot of books on it. One, she saw, was The Modern Russian Theater, by Kendall Baker. Vaguely now she remembered articles of his. The sort of thing you saw in Vanity Fair and the American Mercury. It was disturbing. She'd always felt timid in the presence of literary people.

Schevenik was dragged to the piano. At the sound of the first crisp strong chords Betty sat up straight. Here was an artist! Jane whispered that the music was his own. Bits from an opera which had been performed in Budapest. Sandra, it was called. He struck into a waltz—gay, swinging, fine. Baker put the score on the rack and tried to sing, but it lay too high for his voice. Schevenik, playing on, turned appealingly to Betty. She hesitated, then went over. Why not? This composer liked her. She felt it. He began again, and she sang. Her voice was pure and musical, and she could read. Schevenik's spirited accompaniment swung her along. The others crowded about. All but Kendall Baker. He just had to fade out of the picture. She liked that. It was fun. Exciting. And she was free.

"How perfectly lovely!" she cried. Then, "But why hasn't this been done in New York?"

The others crowded about. All but Kendall Baker. He just had to fade out of the picture. She liked that

SOMEBODY laughed harshly. Somebody else said, "Bless your heart, Sandra has been hawked around to every producing office in town! Of course it's a gem but how would those Broadway boobs ever find it out? Who could tell 'em?"

"Budapest is too far away," sighed Schevenik. "If it had been Vienna, now! They buy the Viennese things." His eyes were pleading up at her. "Like a dog's," she thought. "Ah, Miss Adams, if only I dared hope that you might sing my opera!"

"Oh, do you really think I . . . I could?"

"Yes! Yes! You above all! It must be dainty. It must be like lace."

The exultant thought came—"I am somebody. I have power. I can do what I want." Aloud she said: "Mr. Schevenik, would you be willing to let me show the score to Mr. Karber? Take it to him myself?" She couldn't help throwing this past the man, straight at Kendall Baker, who stood near by.

"There's an idea, Schev." Baker, speaking in a cool drawl. "'Sandra, under the personal direction of Sam Karber. The music adapted by Tin Pan Alley. Song hits by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Comedy scenes specially produced by Gus Halper from new material. Settings by the Acme Trucking Company. Gags by the plumber.' Better do it, Schev. Make a lot of money."

Though in this group Baker was a demigod, a silence fell, broken by an

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embarrassed laugh from one of the boys. The composer's supple hands moved over the keys in a darkly moody progression of chords. He looked up; cried out, in a low passionate voice: "Is it so bad? Would they give my opera no chance? Must it be vulgar?"

Betty was bewildered; couldn't even think. She had never dreamed of questioning the wisdom and taste of K. & A.

Jane drew Baker aside, blazing with honest anger. "You're a dirty dog, Ken. Here in your own apartment too!"

HE TURNED away. Pretty young, Ken. And cocksure. You couldn't shake him. Jane went off to a book case to get hold of herself.

You'd have had to know Betty pretty well to sense how excited she was.

"Why don't you put it on down here?" she asked eagerly. "People would come. They'd find it out. Make your hit and then move up to a regular theater. That's how it's done."

Schevenik spread his hands. "A play, yes, Miss Adams. But with an opera it is so difficult."

"Why?"

"It costs so much."

"But it needn't cost so much. A few thousand dollars. . . ."

"But I could not have you for my Sandra, Miss Adams. You are not free. Your engagements—"

"I am free. If you want me, I will do it."

Betty was conscious of an odd sense of fright, but she meant it. "It can be done cheaply. We'd all take small salaries. Or even go shares. And you have some of the finest scene designers in New York down here in the Village. Everybody says that. And people who'd paint for nothing. The orchestra needn't be large."

Schevenik had both her hands in his. "But, Miss Adams! This is so wonderful! But . . . only a few thousand, you say . . . only a few thousand! And we have nothing! I am penniless . . . even my lodging and my food I owe this minute to Ken Baker. His great kindness."

"Oh, damn Ken Baker!" thought Betty. She was all afire. "But I have some money, Mr. Schevenik. That is nothing! I should so love to help!"

In his excitement the composer dragged her across the room and poured out the news to Baker.

"How about your friends K. & A.?" asked that cool young man, taking her in with appraising eyes.

"They have nothing to say about it. I haven't signed the new contract."

"And you really think you could give up all that money?"

Schevenik fidgeted. This was no occasion for sparks to be flying. "But she says she will do it, Ken! Didn't you say so, Betty?" That "Betty" sounded natural enough from this excited artist.

She nodded quickly. She felt out of breath.

"I wonder"—Baker, musing coolly aloud.

Schevenik caught up one of the hovering girls and dashed off down the room in a spinning European waltz.

Betty, her forehead wrinkling, stared straight up at this impossible man.

"I'm not doing this for you, Ken Baker," she said.

He smiled faintly. "What business have you got having taste?"

"I'll show you!" She couldn't say more. Or less.

A little later, when they were leaving—Betty and a stupefied Jane—she caught a bit of a conversation between Baker and the disheveled composer: "Don't let your hopes run away with you, Schev. She'll never do it. Sam Karber'll swing her around."

"But, Ken, she—"

"When she brings us enough real money to begin work, I'll say go ahead and grin. But I shall want to see it first."

Betty went straight back to him. "I happened to hear that," she said. "How much money do you need?"

"Oh . . . say, five thousand. I'd have to see that much ahead."

"I'll bring it tomorrow. Tomorrow noon, if you'll be here."

Then she left.

The next afternoon Jane went to see that Mr. Ranson. It might look like butting in, but Good Lord—! She must save Betty.

Mr. Ranson was courteous, but didn't see what he could do. Miss Adams was a free agent. Then, in desperation, Jane went to K. & A. Perhaps she shouldn't have. But she did.

Sam Karber was a nervous small man, given to chewing cigars. His private office was expensive but untidy.

Kerstow laid a paper on the desk. "It's time to look into this Adams business, Sam. She's never signed up, you know."

"What's this?" Karber picked up the paper.

"A statement of how we stand on Sleepytime. The first bills from the scenery people. The lyrics. That's cash. We bought 'em outright from Stern and Rose. Then you paid an advance to Gus Halper, remember, and put him right on salary." Karber nodded unhappily. That extravagance was to buy Gus away from a proffered job in the Pretties Revue. "And the advance to author and composer. Some publicity bills, too. Flowers for Adams. All that."

"Fourteen thousand!" Karber sprang up. "We are in fourteen thousand and no contract with Adams! You think we are in business long if you—"

"Your orders were to go ahead, Sam."

Karber snatched up the telephone. Said, "Get Betty Adams!" Waited. Chewed his cigar. Finally the report came, "They don't answer, Mr. Karber." He slammed down the instrument.

A BOY brought in a card. Kerstow took it. "It's Jane Jones," he said.

"She's living with Adams. Bring her in, boy."

Jane, wearing the best she owned, walked in.

"Hello, Jenny!" said Kerstow. "You're looking great."

"Never was better, Joe."

"We've got a part for you in Sleepytime, Jenny. That's the new Betty Adams piece. We're putting it right on."

"I didn't notice any contract in the morning mail, Joe."

"It's being typed out now," said Karber.

"By the way," said Kerstow, "how's Betty?"

"Betty? Oh, all right. Something I want to tell you about that. But your cheery conversation has thrown me off the track. You know, I'd just love a good look at that contract."

"Joe," said Karber, "better go and see what they're taking so long about."

HE WAS gone quite a time. Jane lit a cigarette. Karber, slumped down in his swivel chair, chewing his cigar, studied her.

"Betty'd better look in here pretty soon," he remarked. "We're moving fast. You staying up there with her?"

Jane nodded.

"She's all right, you tell me."

"Oh, sure! She's fine! When do you go into rehearsal, Sam?"

"About Monday. Why hasn't Betty been in?"

Jane didn't seem to know why she hadn't been in.

"What's the chance for a little featuring this time, Sam? Putting my name on the paper?"

"Sure. That's in the contract. Oh, we're treating you right, Jenny! Tell Betty this part'll fit her like the paper on the wall. It's a knockout for her."

But Jane couldn't be brought to discuss Betty. And Karber mustn't show his anxiety. Sometning was up. You could see that. At last Kerstow came with the contract. Jane deliberately read it through, while Sam read the carbon copy.

She turned it over. Looked up. But Sam took the words out of her mouth: "Gosh, Joe, there ain't a word in here about Jenny's publicity!"

"No!" Kerstow looked hurt. "That's right! They've left it out!"

"We'll put it in," said the chief. And he wrote on the margins of the two copies. "Here, Jenny, if that's what you want put your initials there."

Jane, that business settled, tucked the folded paper into her shopping bag. "Well," said she, rising, "it'll feel good to be working again."

"Didn't you say there was something you wanted to tell us about, Jenny?" asked Kerstow, offhand. "What's she up to?"

"Betty? She's rehearsing. Didn't you know?"

The word struck the two men like a blow. They stared at her. And then at each other.

"Oh, I supposed you knew."

"What do you mean rehearsing?" Karber cried out harshly.

"What I say."

"What's the piece?"—from Kerstow.

"The Schevenik opera Sandra."

"What's Sandra?" asked Karber. "Never heard of it!"

"It's that Budapest thing, Sam," said Kerstow. "We've had it in here. Absolutely no punch. Who's producing it?"

"Kendall Baker."

"Oh! Intellectual stuff, eh!"

"Sure!"

"Who's putting up the money?"

"Betty herself."

Karber laughed. "A fine lot of rehearsing she does in Greenwich Village when she learns what we offer her in the new contract! You just tell her. . . ."

Kerstow cut in. "But she can't afford to do a cheap thing like that, Jenny. It'll ruin her."

"You tell her"—Karber, pounding the desk with a flaccid fist—"You tell her she's going to see more money this year than she ever saw in her life."

"Sam"—Jane leaned over the desk—"you've lost Betty Adams. And I don't know how you're going to get her back. Money'll never do it."

With which final shot she left them speechless there.

Sam Karber was holding his head in his two hands. The door closed. He moaned, "Joe! She took that contract! Go after her! Get it back! Tell her we want to make a clean copy!"

Kerstow shook his head. "No, Sam! That's gone." He walked to the stained-glass window and back. Stood tapping the desk.

"Stop that dam' racket!" cried Karber. "For the Lord's sake! Soon I am in Bellevue!"

"I was thinking, Sam."

"Thinking! We lose Betty Adams, and you are thinking!"

"We can stop this. Wait a minute! That bird Schevenik's been around all year. But he's just the composer. Some place over in Budapest there is the librettist. And it was done there. The producer will have a contract. Schevenik's no business man. You can be sure he's made mistakes. If we move quick . . . there's Ben in London, almost on the ground . . . call him up!"

"Call him up? On the telephone?"

"Sure!" Kerstow looked at his watch. "It's going on six o'clock over there. He'll be at the hotel dressing up. You know Ben!"

Kerstow reached for the instrument. "What's the rate to London? Yes, the telephone rate! London, England." . . . "Hm, Sam it's $75 for three minutes and $25 a minute for overtime. So talk fast."

Again he spoke into the transmitter: "Yes, London. Mr. Andrews, at the Savoy. Mr. Karber will talk to him. Rush it!"

He shoved the instrument across the desk. "They say it won't take long, Sam, if he's in. Tell him to buy Sandra. All American rights. It won't cost much. Tie it up tight. We haven't lost Adams yet. Not by a dam' sight!"

THE rehearsal didn't seem to be going on. Schevenik had left the conductor's desk and was sitting on a bench, bent forward, his hands in his hair. Betty too sat alone. Ken Baker stood in the aisle, talking in low tones with two or three others. He held a paper in his hand. Jane moved, in her discreet way, down toward that group.

"What's happened?" she asked.

"What hasn't?" Baker looked haggard, all in. He thrust the paper at her. "Here's an injunction. K. & A. They claim to have bought the show in Budapest. Somebody over there has sold Schev out. Without even cabling him."

"Better have a show-down."

"In the courts? A fine chance we'd have!"

"Wait now, (*Continued on page 44*)

KANSAS—
The Beer State

Kansas once had dry local option and threw it away. Local police officials, under today's wet local option, leave prohibition to Uncle Sam. See how this plan works as told

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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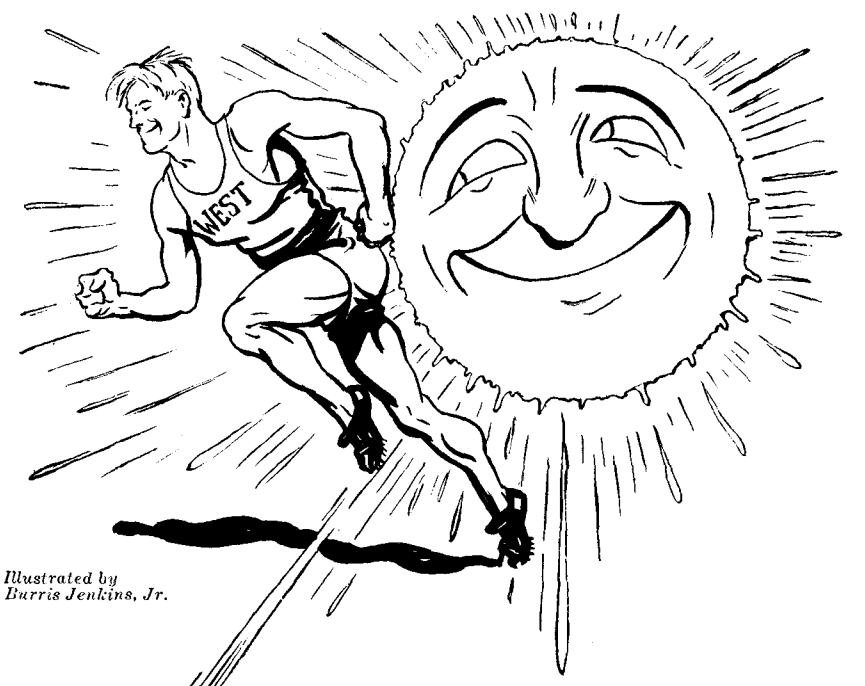
Coached by the Sun

By Grantland Rice

What's the meaning of the Western march to victory? Climate's at the bottom of it, says Mr. Rice. You can't become an expert between showers



Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

FOR some years along the Eastern frontier there has been what you might call considerable kidding back and forth about the climate of the Pacific Coast, especially the California climate.

But toward the close of 1928 this climate spoofing suddenly ceased in athletic circles. It was supplanted by something closely approaching a dazed look as the East began to take stock of several incidents. First of all, the Stanford track and field team came to the Eastern intercollegiate meet at Cambridge and ran away with the show, matched against the pick of 15 or 20 leading Eastern universities.

A trifle later on the California crew swung into action and cleaned up from Poughkeepsie on through the Olympic finals. This California crew had to beat the best in the East to win its journey across the Atlantic. And it did precisely that.

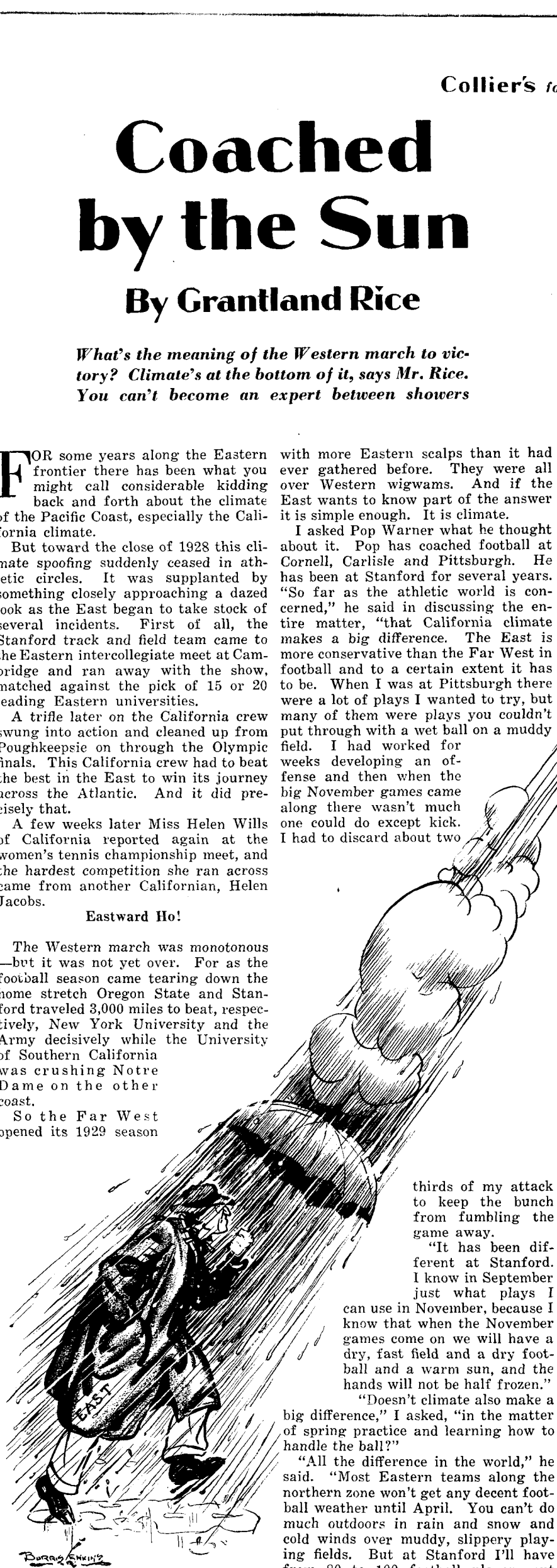
A few weeks later Miss Helen Wills of California reported again at the women's tennis championship meet, and the hardest competition she ran across came from another Californian, Helen Jacobs.

Eastward Ho!

The Western march was monotonous—but it was not yet over. For as the football season came tearing down the home stretch Oregon State and Stanford traveled 3,000 miles to beat, respectively, New York University and the Army decisively while the University of Southern California was crushing Notre Dame on the other coast.

So the Far West opened its 1929 season with more Eastern scalps than it had ever gathered before. They were all over Western wigwams. And if the East wants to know part of the answer it is simple enough. It is climate.

I asked Pop Warner what he thought about it. Pop has coached football at Cornell, Carlisle and Pittsburgh. He has been at Stanford for several years. "So far as the athletic world is concerned," he said in discussing the entire matter, "that California climate makes a big difference. The East is more conservative than the Far West in football and to a certain extent it has to be. When I was at Pittsburgh there were a lot of plays I wanted to try, but many of them were plays you couldn't put through with a wet ball on a muddy field. I had worked for weeks developing an offense and then when the big November games came along there wasn't much one could do except kick. I had to discard about two thirds of my attack to keep the bunch from fumbling the game away.



Climate differences give the West more time to develop great athletes

"It has been different at Stanford. I know in September just what plays I can use in November, because I know that when the November games come on we will have a dry, fast field and a dry football and a warm sun, and the hands will not be half frozen."

"Doesn't climate also make a big difference," I asked, "in the matter of spring practice and learning how to handle the ball?"

"All the difference in the world," he said. "Most Eastern teams along the northern zone won't get any decent football weather until April. You can't do much outdoors in rain and snow and cold winds over muddy, slippery playing fields. But at Stanford I'll have from 80 to 100 football players out from January to late May. My spring squad will average about 100. My average practice will have from 70 to 80. They learn how to pass and kick and handle the ball, how to block and tackle and the rest of it. All this is going on under a warm sun while the northern part of the East is under a blanket of snow or a sweep of winter rain.

"This modern game of football has become a lot more intricate than the old game ever was. It means a lot now to know how to handle a football—how to throw one and how to catch one. It has taken over the science of baseball. It takes hard work, practice and schooling to learn how to throw a football and how to catch one in the right way. The fall season lasts only a little over two months. Match three or four months of spring training, outdoors, against the fall season and you get part of the answer."

All of which is true. There are nine college months. In the East, September, October, November, April and May are outdoor months. Four of the nine months—over 40 per cent—are lost for any outdoor sport except winter play. The West can call on nine months out of the nine.

This is also true of the deeper South, and the advance in sport through recent years in this section has been phenomenal. The South and the Pacific Coast have been improving together, for they have had more outdoor opportunities to play and practice. Good weather not only lures a greater number to some form of sport but it also gives this greater number a better chance to become proficient.

Practice Makes Passers

Crews at Washington and California—the two crew headquarters of the Far West—can spend the entire nine college months on the water, while Syracuse, Harvard, Yale, Columbia and others are waiting for the ice to melt.

Several Eastern coaches complained this last fall that they had so few passers or pass receivers of any ability. Several Eastern teams had none to cheer about. I asked Pop Warner about this phase of the situation.

"Three months or more of spring training," he said, "are certain to develop a number of good passers and pass receivers. Nearly every man on my team can throw and catch a football up to at least a fair standard. I have at least four or five high-class passers always ready and as many good pass receivers. It is important always to have at least one good, accurate passer on the field. It is important to have others ready to take his place. And I don't mean just pretty good passers and pass receivers. I mean top grade. And these can't be developed in a few weeks. A football, as my friend Bob Zuppke says, has a funny shape. It isn't naturally easy to throw or catch. It is an art that calls for a long grind before it can be handled in the right way."

Why the West Should Lead

It was along this same line that Dick Hyland, a former Stanford star, had a few words to spill in connection with passing and receiving. Hyland played Rugby football for eight years before playing the American college brand. "Our football players," he said, "are far behind the best of the Rugby players in handling a football, in passing and receiving. A good Rugby player thinks nothing of scooping up a low pass at top speed, using one hand. Or taking the ball out of the air with one hand. He can take a pass with either hand or arm on the run and never think about muffing it or fumbling it. I believe, through lateral passing and backward passing as well as forward passing, that our college football will soon begin to take over several of the Rugby fundamentals. This can't be done in just a few weeks or a few months. Or in a year. It will mean long periods of play and practice. It will only come to those who love the game well enough to give it all the time they can through recreation periods."

If this comes to pass, and there have been signs pointing in this direction for a year or two, the football players of the Far West and South will soon take a big lead in the art of handling an egg-shaped object that is neither easy to throw or catch with any consistent steadiness. The Mid-West and the East have shown they can meet this situation with two such phenomenal passers as Benny Friedman of Michigan and Howard Harpster of Carnegie Tech, but they have been exceptions who devoted a world of spare time through several seasons to this knack. Not many will be willing to overcome the weather handicap through January, February, March and part of April by hard practice at passing and receiving through late spring and summer.

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A Short Short Story

Half-Shell Blues

By John Forbes

Mr. Moberly was somewhat worried. He had learned to open oysters by now but the tips weren't coming very fast

Illustrated by Jeff Tester

FALL was in the air, and Sidney Moberly lit the gas heater of his small room in Mrs. Manners' theatrical boarding house in Forty-eighth Street, just off Eighth Avenue. Then he continued his careful search through the want ads of The Billboard.

Mr. Moberly was "at liberty," very much at liberty, indeed. Too much at liberty. Both of his elbows were almost at liberty, not to mention the soles of his feet. He was on half rations; had been for three weeks. In another week, if no rent were forthcoming from his all but empty pocket, Mr. Moberly rather fancied his landlady would extend even greater liberty to him—the liberty of the streets.

In a way, he was grateful for the crisp tang of October. The closed window muffled the noises which had offended his artistic ear all through July, August and September. Those deafening roars from the subterranean depths of the new Eighth Avenue subway, for instance. The throaty but inharmonious singing from the mission meeting across the street. And jazz—in a thousand forms. Phonograph jazz. Radio jazz. Jazz that issued from an undercover night club. Jazz that echoed from the western fringe of Tin Pan Alley's maddening medley of tunes and instruments.

WHAT Mr. Moberly hoped to find in the ads was something like this:

"Wanted—First-class piano player, who can read or fake, to travel with A-1 Tom show. Must double in brass for parade. Only sober, experienced trouper need apply. No boozers or jazz hounds wanted. Wire salary wanted, and be prepared to join immediately. So-and-So's Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, Rye, New York."

A good "Tom" show was dependable. Plenty of work, to be sure. But always three squares a day, enough money for clothes and laundry, and a little to put by against the close of the season. And always a clean berth in the combination baggage and sleeping car at night, with the whirr of wheels and the rhythmic click of the rail joints as a lullaby.

Not that Mr. Moberly had given up the idea of a Broadway engagement. He was only forty-eight. His big chance would come one day. Meanwhile, the road would be welcome.

Mr. Moberly was two thirds through the want ads, but instead of a Tom show, looking for a pianist who could read and fake, and double in parade, he found only such ads as: "Wanted—Hot and sweet saxophone players; collegiate type preferred; must be young and handsome; also high-class traps man, who can get special effects into his stuff and set night-club crowds on fire."

Toward the bottom of the list Mr. Moberly's attention suddenly riveted on an ad. He read it twice. Then he searched through the balance of the list. After which he returned to the ad he had read twice and read it again.

"Wanted—Piano player who can open oysters. Must be sober and reliable. Good opening for right man. Room and board and fair salary to start. Must have tuxedo. Apply in person. Marine Café, No. —— Amsterdam Avenue."

Mr. Moberly put on his hat, picked up his bass horn, and started for the street. In the hallway he met Mrs. Manners.

"Good evening," she said, looking at the bass horn, which was the last of Mr. Moberly's tangible assets.

"Good evening, Mrs. Manners," said the trouper. "I guess you're wondering where I'm going with this horn. I think I have a job. And I need the horn. The horn is part of the job."

Mrs. Manners smiled sweetly. No, she wasn't worrying about the rent, or about him taking his horn out of the house. And congratulations on the job.

Mr. Moberly let himself out into the early evening. The lights were just flashing on along Forty-eighth Street. He turned not toward Broadway but toward Eighth Avenue.

When he emerged, half an hour later, from Uncle Bennie's Square Deal Pawn Shop, Mr. Moberly was minus the bass horn. But he was resplendent in a white shirt, dinner coat, braided trousers and black shoes. Under his arm he carried his daytime suit.

His pulse quickened as he set out for the Amsterdam Avenue address.

Apparently he was the first man to answer the ad.

They sat him down at the piano, and he played. He apparently satisfied them. The job was his. He ate an oyster stew—the last, incidentally, ever to pass his lips—and then went to work.

By the end of the week, Mr. Moberly's hands were so badly cut by slips of the oyster knife he could hardly hit the keys of the piano. He opened oysters all afternoon, and played the piano most of the night.

The boss didn't appear too pleased when he gave the trouper his first week's salary—ten dollars. But he didn't say anything. Mr. Moberly pocketed the money, and the next day, which was Sunday, he returned to his landlady's, paid her a month's rent, gave up his room, and moved his trunk to his little quarters back of the café.

During the second week, Mr. Moberly was somewhat worried. He had learned how to open oysters by now, and his hands had healed. But the tips weren't coming very fast.

When he drew his pay Saturday night, however, he discovered a five-dollar raise, which more than made up for his loss in tips. He was appreciated. That was the main thing. He had been afraid they might insist on jazz. Apparently the manager of the place knew the difference between jungle junk and real music.

At the end of the third week, there was an extra two dollars in the pay envelope. Seventeen dollars, room and board. That was better than he had done trouping with the Tom shows, or even the minstrel shows! And tips too.

He placed the seventeen dollars in his pocket beside the twenty dollars already nestling there. He felt opulent.

In the week that followed, Mr. Moberly played as he had never played before. He was an artist again, an artist among friends. He hoped the manager noticed how much better he was playing.

WHEN Saturday night came around, the manager—his name was Blatz—smiled one of his rare smiles.

"You've made good," he said.

"You notice an improvement?"

"Yes," said Mr. Blatz. "You're a lot better than when you started. Always on the job. Know your business. I'm going to give you a promotion."

Mr. Moberly tingled with happiness.

"You know," Mr. Blatz continued, "this isn't our only place. We got a bigger place on Broadway—upper Broadway. I decided to transfer you there at a big raise—twenty-five a week, your meals and a better place to sleep."

On Broadway. At last. The Big Street. Big money. A real performer. Farewell to the sticks. He had arrived.

"Yeah," said Mr. Blatz. "I been watching you, and you've made good with me. This new job won't be half as hard. And no night work. All you got to do is show up at eight in the morning and you're through at five. No more drummin' on a piano. Moberly, you'll be the day manager of the oyster bar."

Mr. Moberly shuddered. He turned on his heel and walked out. He had twenty dollars. Ten of this he gave to Mrs. Manners for advance rent. In selling his tuxedo and redeeming his bass horn he lost two dollars. That left him eight. With five of this he inserted the following ad in The Billboard:

"At Liberty—First-class piano player, who can read or fake. Prefer to travel with A-1 Tom or minstrel show. Will double in brass—BUT NOT IN OYSTERS."

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Insides Information

By Ruth F. Wadsworth M.D.

When describing your operation to your friends you have to leave out many things which happened while you were present but not voting. Well, here's the information you've been looking for

MY FRIEND the professor's wife had just had her appendix out, and being more or less a privileged character in the hospital where she was staying, I sent in my name over her "No Visitors" sign, and asked if I might look in on her for a minute. Her nurse brought back word that she would be glad to see me.

On the third day after an operation one generally feels weak but pretty free from pain, and my friend greeted me with wan enthusiasm.

"I'm glad it's you," she said, "because you may be willing to talk to me intelligently." She waved scornfully at a pile of books on her bureau. There were six copies of the humorous remarks of a well-known wit on the subject of operations, and five copies of another treatise of the same sort illustrated by a famous cartoonist in his best style.

"I don't mean to be ungrateful for those offerings," she said, "but at present the subject of operations seems to me anything but funny. That's why I wanted to see you. I thought maybe, not being my own doctor, and knowing me well enough to know that knowledge has never made me hysterical, you might answer a few of the questions I have been asking myself ever since I started on this painful adventure."

"Ask away," I said. "If I think it's none of my business to answer you I'll say so."

Some Well-Founded Queries

Her questions, it developed, were so all-inclusive, and so much what most people who have had operations ask at one time or another, that it seemed they might be of general interest to that large percentage of the population who have at some time had a major operation, or have piloted members of their families through the experience.

"First," she said. "I have a small wound, they tell me, about three inches long on the right side of my abdomen. Then why in Heaven's name did they scrub and shave me and disinfect me from head to foot? Why couldn't they have prepared me where the incision was to be, and save me the torture of pouring alcohol and ether over a large surface made raw by vigorous scrubbing and shaving with a dull razor?"

I explained that while a surgeon might expect to make his incision in a circumscribed area he never knew until the incision was made and the abdominal contents examined whether the opening would have to be enlarged, or another incision made. The shaving and disinfection are attempts to eliminate one source of operative infection —the skin, and hair-cups. When the patient reaches the operating table, the disinfection is further insured by painting the skin thoroughly with the agent preferred by the operator—usually iodine or picric acid.

Starving and Sterilizing

"And why was I starved beforehand?"

"Because ether is best tolerated on an empty stomach. Ether causes nausea in most people, and an empty stomach is less apt to return its contents than a stomach containing even a little food or water."

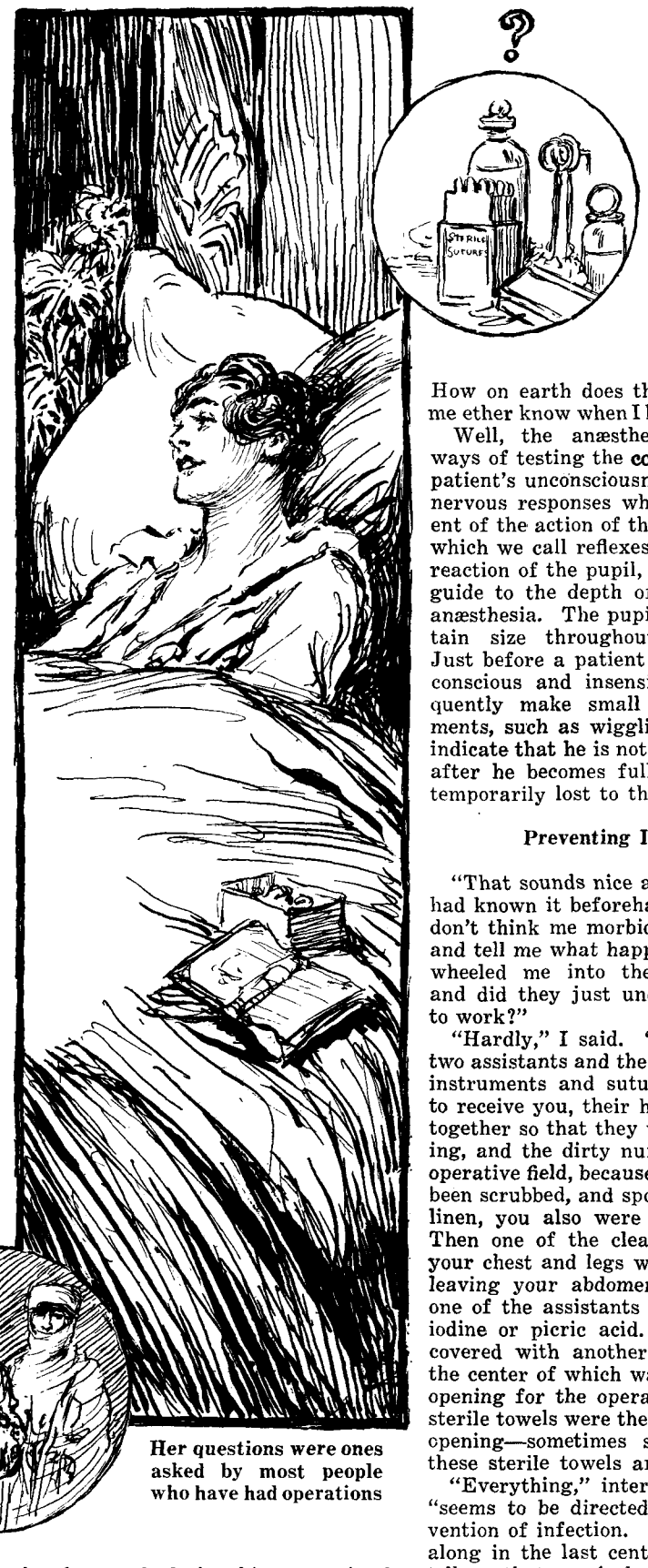
"Why did they give me a hypodermic just before I went to the operating-room and what did it contain?"

An injection, I told her, containing a small dose of morphine and atropine is generally given to quiet the patient during the giving of the ether, and to reduce the production of saliva, which is often profuse and inconvenient for the anæsthetist, as it may be swallowed and interfere with the patient's breathing.

"I was so calm when I went to the operating-room, and so interested, that I took a good look around before they started to give me the ether. I saw Dr. Blank and his assistants scrubbing their hands in a washroom as if their lives depended on it, although afterward they went out and put on rubber gloves. What was the sense of that?"

No surgeon depends on rubber gloves to protect the patient from infection which might come from his hands, I explained. Rubber gloves may break during operation, or they may be pricked accidentally by one of the instruments, and in such an event the skin under the glove must be as nearly sterile as possible.

The importance of disinfecting the surgeon's hands has been emphasized ever since a dramatic scene was enacted in a session of a medical meeting in Paris, in the last century, when surgical antisepsis was not practiced as it is today. One of the physicians present, attempting to account for an epidemic of septic fever among mothers whose babies were delivered in hospitals, announced bitterly, "The trouble lies in our own finger nails, gentlemen!" thereby nearly losing his status in the medical fraternity.



Her questions were ones asked by most people who have had operations

Worse Than It Sounds

"I suppose," said my friend, "that is also the reason everybody in the operating-room wore caps and masks, too: to avoid the possibility of infecting the patient. But why, if they are so particular, do they have a dirty nurse in the room? I heard one of the doctors asking for the dirty nurse."

"It does sound bad," I admitted. "But there must be someone on hand who can handle and dispose of things which are not surgically clean. She is dirty only in the surgical sense. She pushes away tables and stools, ties the surgeons' coat fastenings, wipes off their foreheads when they perspire, and does a thousand odd jobs which the scrubbed-up nurses could not do without losing their surgical cleanliness."

"Fine," said the patient, "now we have got me on the operating table, and the doctor's all ready to start on me. How on earth does the man who gives me ether know when I have got enough?"

Well, the anæsthetist has various ways of testing the completeness of the patient's unconsciousness. He uses the nervous responses which are independent of the action of the mind: responses which we call reflexes. The eye, in the reaction of the pupil, gives a very good guide to the depth of the narcosis, or anæsthesia. The pupil is kept at a certain size throughout the operation. Just before a patient is completely unconscious and insensitive he will frequently make small voluntary movements, such as wiggling his fingers, to indicate that he is not quite gone. Soon after he becomes fully relaxed and is temporarily lost to the world.

Preventing Infection

"That sounds nice and safe; I wish I had known it beforehand. Now, if you don't think me morbidly curious, go on and tell me what happened next. They wheeled me into the operating-room, and did they just uncover me and set to work?"

"Hardly," I said. "The surgeon, his two assistants and the nurse who handle instruments and sutures were waiting to receive you, their hands held up and together so that they would touch nothing, and the dirty nurse uncovered the operative field, because much as you had been scrubbed, and spotless as was your linen, you also were considered dirty. Then one of the clean nurses covered your chest and legs with sterile sheets, leaving your abdomen uncovered, and one of the assistants painted you with iodine or picric acid. You were then covered with another sterile sheet, in the center of which was a neatly bound opening for the operative field. Small sterile towels were then laid around this opening—sometimes several layers of these sterile towels are used."

"Everything," interposed my friend, "seems to be directed toward the prevention of infection. How did they get along in the last century? Didn't you tell me that surgical antisepsis was little known?"

Early in the last century, I explained, it wasn't known at all. All operative wounds became infected as a matter of course. If the patient had sufficient resistance to survive in spite of it—well and good. Nowadays an infection in an operative wound, even in one where there was infection in the tissues, as in a perforated appendix or ulcer, is greatly the exception, rather than the rule. Everything that comes in contact with the patient is disinfected: instruments are boiled; towels are baked; catgut and other suture material is subjected to lengthy and painstaking disinfection, which is very difficult because most suture material is injured by extreme degrees of heat. Moreover, samples of each batch of catgut sterilized are tested for sterility.

"That's interesting," remarked my friend, "because I know a lot of people feel that most things about an operation are left to chance and luck. If a person gets well after (*Continued on page 46*)

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George M. Cohan when he was part of the famed Four Cohans in vaudeville

Alas, poor Hamlet. What Henry E. Dixey did to him was a caution

Eddie Foy in characteristic make-up pats an incredible elephant

And here's Buster Keaton before you knew him so well

Edna May Spooner in a daring—well, they thought it was—pose

A coy motor-girl was the irrepressible Elsie Janis in the days when veils were large and flowing

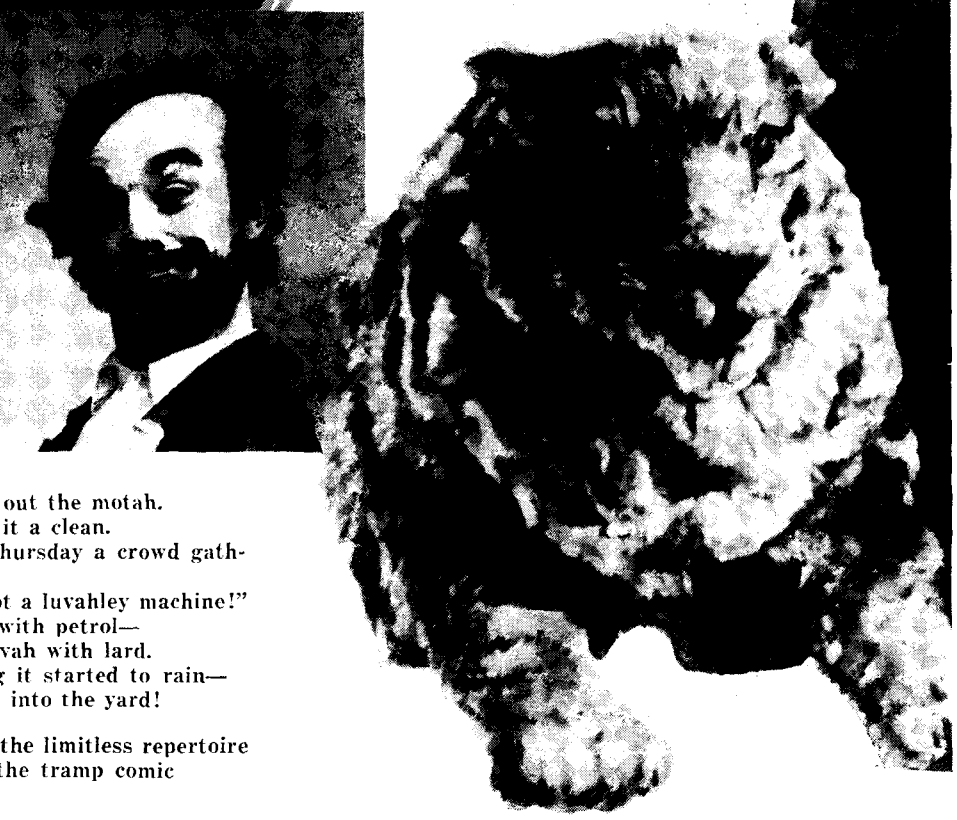
McIntyre & Heath—"the G'o'gia Minstrels" of Hamtree fame

Hold Your Sides

A group of old-timers who sent the laughter rolling up to the roof and turning handsprings in the rafters as soon as they appeared. Some of 'em can still do it

All photos from the Albert Davis collection

"I'm looking at you, Meyer, and I can't see you. Vere are you?" A very early Weber and Fields—about 1884. Lew and Joe were still playing knockabout sketches in vaudeville when this photograph was made. It wasn't until a year or so later that they formed their own company which brought them to ownership of a music hall and the presentation of a series of burlesques the like of which have not since been seen



On Monday I pushed out the motah.
On Tuesday I gave it a clean.
On Wednesday and Thursday a crowd gathered 'round
And exclaimed, "Wot a luvahley machine!"
On Friday I filled it with petrol—
And rubbed it all ovah with lard.
On Saturday morning it started to rain—
So I pushed it back into the yard!

Just a snatch from the limitless repertoire of Nat Wills, the tramp comic

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This one is Tom Heath. It's Jim McIntyre who has apparently just put one over

John Bunny, beloved of the movie fans of an elder day. But this was even before that

Robson & Crane were a rollicking team when you and I were young

The great German comic was J. K. Emmett—as witness the lesser lights who copied him

"How lubbly is all nature in the ebenin," as Bert Williams used to sing

Raymond Hitchcock struts his stuff as King Dodo, with all the accessories

One of the best-loved of them all was Sam Bernard

"Honey Boy" Evans. His right name was George but they called him "Honey Boy" because he had such a sweet voice. He could put ballads over so they got you—but that didn't prevent him from being a master of comedy, too

A couple of prime favorites: DeWolf Hopper as Pedro and Della Fox as Paquita in Panjandrum, which delighted playgoers in 1893

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The Wizard of Salzburg

By John B. Kennedy

AN INTERVIEW WITH

Max Reinhardt

A compliment from an actress started this man on the road to fame. Today he's one of the world's greatest theatrical producers — the man who did most for Hendrik Ibsen, who "found" Emil Jannings for the movies, who made the drama more beautiful

ALTHOUGH the world knows the Wizard of Salzburg as Max Reinhardt, that name does not appear on his birth certificate. Ironically he has made famous a name he adopted for a profession which his parents believed would bring them into disrepute. He was born Max Sachs, son of a middle-class merchant in Baden, near Vienna, Austria. He is known today as Max Reinhardt, the world's ranking theatrical producer.

His father wanted Max to be a merchant. And Max might have been that and no more had he not joined the meditative gallery gods who paid their pfennigs to sit aloft through the varied repertoire that filled, and still fills, Teutonic theaters. Supers with beards were required for a Germanized performance of Rip Van Winkle. Max Sachs joined a line at the stage door, was rejected because of his youth, hurried to a costume shop, hired a gray wig and beard, made up, returned to the stage door—and was promptly accepted. He was head man of the village in the climax wherein Rip returns to get what the boys call a wholesome and resounding razzberry.

They gave him similar character parts in several plays. He had a prematurely deep voice. Like many other young European actors, his flair was for the portrayal of suffering old men. Imaginative youth is invariably successful in mimicking age across the footlights because it catches the high points of senescence, which are more effective than detailed stage portraits.

Attracted by his performances as a bearded small-part man, touring managers made offers to Reinhardt. He accepted one and went to Vienna, ostensibly to pursue business studies, for which his father voted; really to get his foot on the ladder leading to theatrical fame.

The Pre-Lon Chaney Period

So the name Max Reinhardt appeared in big-league company for the first time on a program of the National Theater. It would serve no purpose to mention the names of the big-leaguers. They would be as unfamiliar to American ears as the rippling trade titles of the foaming Munich lagers.

A good merchant was spoiled when Max Reinhardt decided to turn producer. Hendrik Ibsen (right) was quick to appreciate his ability

"I played," says Max Reinhardt, "dozens of character parts, all old, all bearded." He did Lon Chaney's stuff long before Chaney was heard of.

"Then," he said, "I was cast for a juvenile part in a play by Sudermann. I was to appear as a romantic young man of thirty, several years older than my real age, which meant that I should have appeared clean-shaven.

The Importance of Whiskers

"At dress rehearsal, with the poet Sudermann striding about the stage, I crumpled. I strained to screw up my courage to the sticking point, but my voice quavered in stammering lines. The producer beheld what he called a promising young actor turned suddenly into a stage-frightened young fool.

"The first performance came, and I was a dismal failure. Ashamed, I visioned the end of my bid for fame and was prepared to return to Baden and become a tradesman. The producer rebuked me. My fellow actors regarded me with the tolerant sympathy that hurts worse than blame.

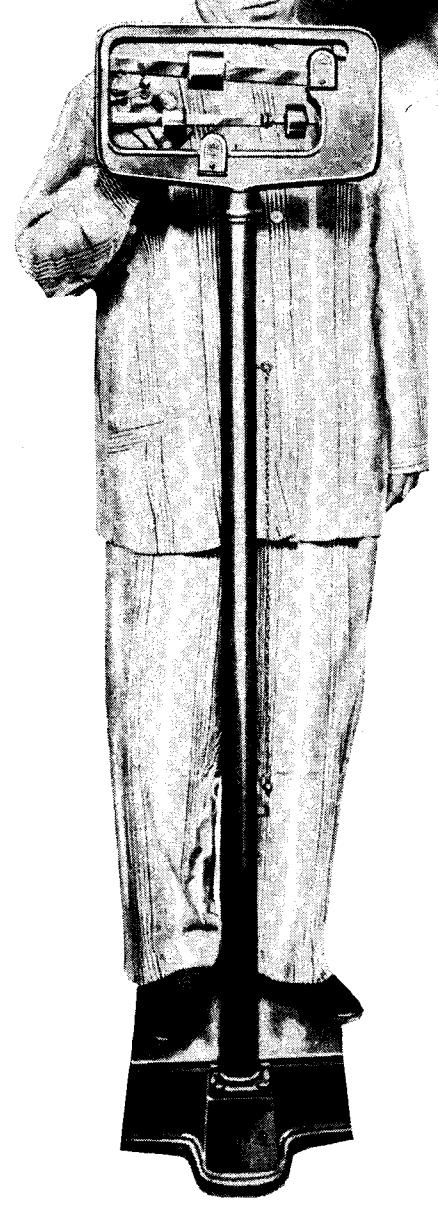
"I expected Sudermann, when we assembled for the next rehearsal, to rive me with verbal thunderbolts for having been the marring note in an otherwise successful play. Instead he took me to one side:

"'You are unsuited to that part,' he said quietly.

"This was a mild statement of a truth I felt keenly. But he added:

"'You have grown too used to wearing a beard.'

Reinhardt started Pola Negri from obscurity to world fame



"Not so good," probably soliloquizes Emil Jannings, also a Reinhardt find

"That kindly word from a great dramatist and poet restored my confidence, in a measure. I clung to bearded parts. I was never at home on the stage unless I had protective foliage."

Less than a decade was sufficient to give the name of Reinhardt assured position in the steadily revolving galaxy of Teutonic stars. All that time, or for the better part of it, he was able to withhold from his family in Baden knowledge of his professional identity. Before he divulged it at home, he wanted to make a reputation. But one day his father and mother surprised him. At a theater in Berlin his company performed what in more American days was known as unmasking Jack Dalton.

A noble old gentleman, with a fine, full beard, trumpeted powerful lines in an Ibsen drama. The optical illusion of ripe age was perfect. The voice could not be successfully disguised from parents familiar with its timbre and every quirk of modulation.

When Max Reinhardt stepped nimbly from the stage door that night, his parents were among those who, in accordance with the European custom, were waiting at the stage door to greet their favored players. His father did not utter the guttural equivalent of: "Take off them whiskers, Jack Dalton. We know you!" But there was revelation and—an embrace, and from that moment Max Reinhardt had the satisfaction of knowing that the quality of his acting had dissipated all family objections to his career as an actor.

And that was ironical, for just as he had established himself as a speaker of lines, he revealed another and more important talent which took him out of the ranks of line speakers and made him what he is today.

Refusing Fame

Hendrik Ibsen and Eleanora Duse—Europe's leading playwright and player—both had something to do with that.

"I had made a contract," he recounts, "with a leading Berlin producer while I was playing at Salzburg. When the time came to pack up and leave the old cathedral city for Berlin, I regretted the move."

Reinhardt went to Berlin, sorrowfully leaving the scrubbed streets and glistening towers of Salzburg.

His was an instant success. In addition to appearing in regular drama he instituted the after-theater theater, the intimate revue, which the Chauve-Souris and Moscow Art Theater later made familiar to America.

But all the feverish activity of a young star making important conquests in a great theatrical center could not deter his highest natural gift from finding its level of expression.

Duse, the great Italian tragédienne, appeared in Berlin. Reinhardt saw her and instantly joined the army of worshipers that increased year by year, to reach its greatest numbers just before she died in (*Continued on page 48*)

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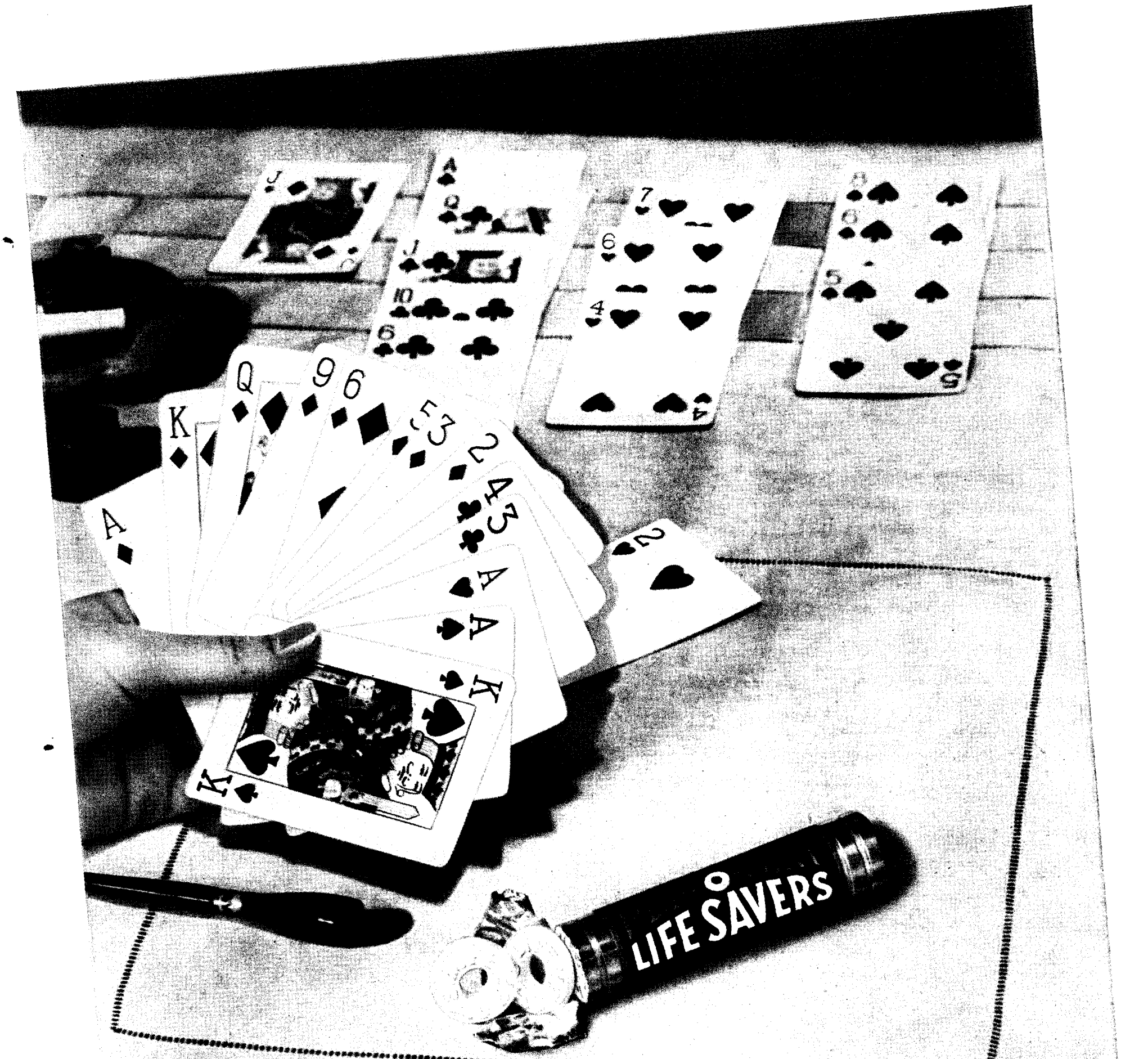

It's a Life Saver!

play the hand
then "pass" the

LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

THEY'RE "ALWAYS GOOD TASTE" AND ALWAYS "TAKE THE TRICK"

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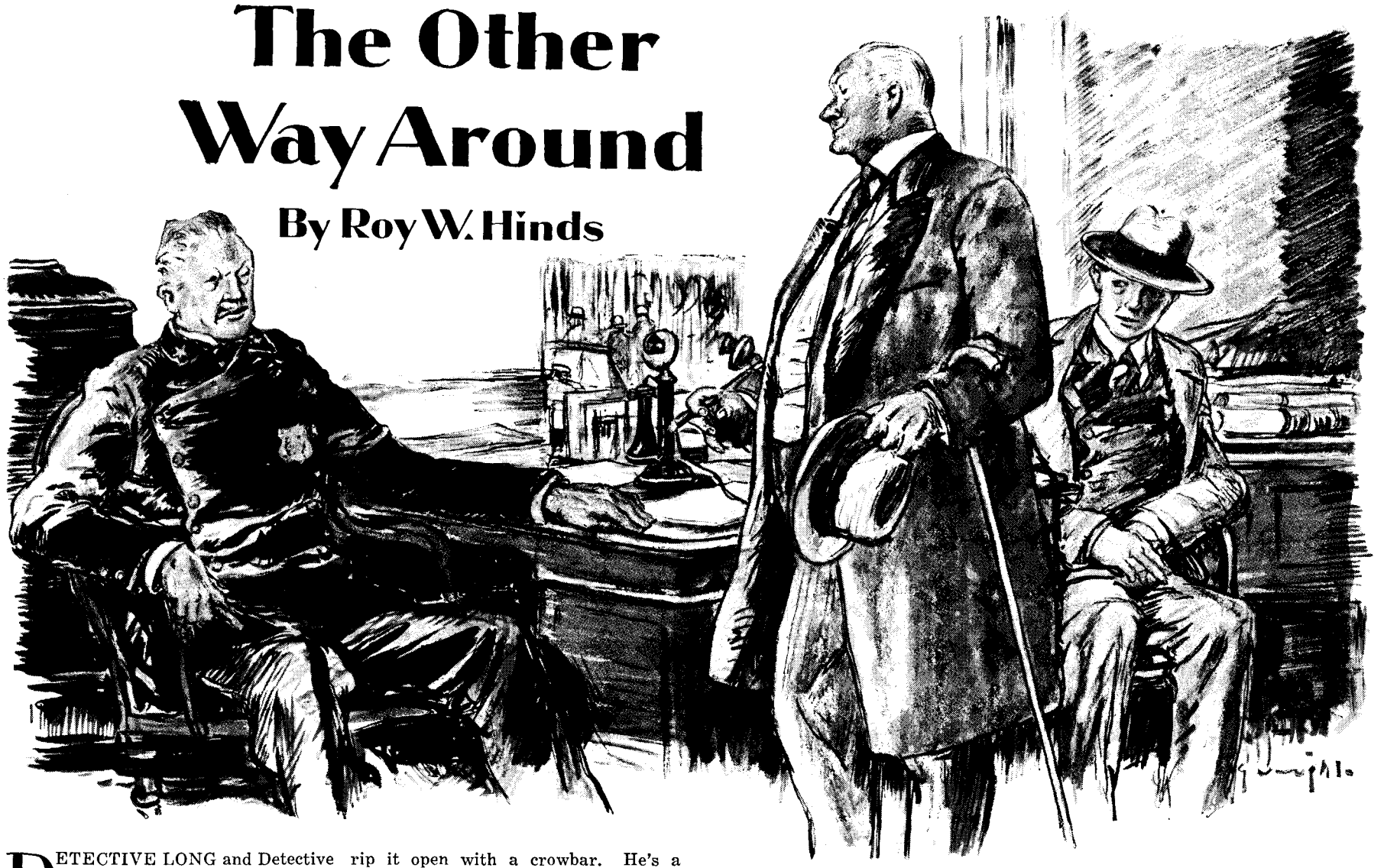
The Other Way Around

By Roy W. Hinds



The man in the chair, ignored by everyone, had eyes only for Doc Spangler

DETECTIVE LONG and Detective Tomlinson straightened up simultaneously from a crouching position in front of the battered Carolina safe.

"Amateur," said Detective Long.

"Right!" agreed Detective Tomlinson. "And a one-man job."

"Looks that way. But he was wise enough to use gloves. There ain't a sign of a 'sticker.'" Long put his microscope away. He blew out his lean cheeks musingly, and added: "There's so many unknown dubs in the safe racket, he won't be easy to pick up, if he keeps his head."

"But he won't keep his head," Tomlinson rejoined. "See here. He was fool enough to jam things so he had to use a crowbar instead of a pair of pliers. The old gentleman says he got more'n eight thousand. With that much dough he'll make a flash, being an amateur—probably young."

"Maybe. It's the best shot we got, I guess—the 'bundle shops.'"

The Carolina Tobacco Shop displayed numerous signs of the amateurishness of the robber. The elderly proprietor, rubbing his hands nervously, got little encouragement from the remarks of the detectives. It was eight o'clock in the morning. The porter had come at seven, discovered the battered safe, and sounded the alarm. Customers, finding the front door locked, went elsewhere for their cigars and cigarettes.

Each nickel thus lost swelled the agony of the proprietor.

"Gentlemen," he inquired timidly, "do you think you'll catch him before he spends my money?"

"That's according to the kind of a spender he is," Long replied. "I was just saying he didn't leave no 'stickers'—fingerprints. He must 'a' wore gloves. But he didn't know his business, at that. He hammered the combination wheel off, but he jammed things. Excited! He should 'a' been able to draw the bolts with pliers—little safe like that. But he jammed the works and had to rip it open with a crowbar. He's a dub, and knows it, or he wouldn't 'a' fetched the crowbar.

"We'll look up some of the boys today and see what they got to say for themselves. Tonight we'll be on the lookout for a dub flashing out with a roll."

They inspected the back window minutely.

"See here," said Detective Tomlinson.

His pudgy finger indicated a tiny crimson spot on the edge of the sill. They applied their microscopes.

"Blood," said Detective Long.

"He cut himself, somehow."

NOT long thereafter, in a box of trash fifty feet up the alley, and covered carefully, they found a pair of cotton gloves. There were blood spots on the left one. There was a jagged cut in it at the point which would fit over the ball of the thumb.

"That makes it easier," Long said. "It ain't much of a cut, as it didn't bleed, to speak of. Maybe gouged his hand with a screw driver, picking at the window lock. But it's a line on him if we're quick."

The tobacconist's face was brighter. "Can I open my store now?" he asked.

"Sure! Open up."

Detective Long and Detective Tomlinson began a diligent search of underworld resorts. There had been an orgy of safe robberies in the city. The police were hot after safe crackers.

About noon they found a suspicious character with a cut on the ball of his left thumb. They did not mention the cut nor seem to notice it. It came under observation while they questioned the man.

Tomlinson reported to Inspector Wright by telephone while Long was taking the suspect to headquarters.

"Young, with a kind of a flabby face. Cunning. You've got to tip him hard if he spills. The cut on the hand is all we've got."

"That isn't much."

The young man with a flabby face sat on a chair near Inspector Wright's desk. He was small and wiry and, at first, fluttered considerably. His hands fluttered, his eyes fluttered, his voice fluttered. Then he got hold of himself. He had been questioned a few moments and shoved aside. The Carolina safe job had not been mentioned.

The notations on a slip of paper on the desk read: "Willie Budge. Shrewd. Sheiky. Vain." The word vain was underlined.

Inspector Wright sat at his desk, a heavy-shouldered man with short, thick gray hair. For nearly an hour he had worked at the desk seemingly oblivious of the man who sat near him. A stream of visitors had come and gone.

There was, between the inspector and some of the visitors, vague talk about the Carolina safe job. The little man, overhearing this, kept his face and eyes straight. Occasionally he felt of the insignificant cut on the ball of his left thumb.

JUST at this moment the two were alone. The telephone rang. The voice of Inspector Wright punctuated with pauses:

"Oh, hello, Sam. What—You've got him, you say? All right. Yes, let me see him. He wants a taxi? Nothing doing. The wagon."

He pressed a buzzer. An under inspector came in.

"Sam's picked up Doc Spangler," Wright announced with an elated grin. "I think he's the Carolina boy."

The flabby-faced young fellow in the corner shifted his feet and hooked his heels over a rung of the chair. He kept his face blank.

News of Doc Spangler's detention created a quiet stir at headquarters. Police officials came in for a word about him.

The little man listened attentively, but tried to look bored.

Doc Spangler was a notorious safe robber, an artist in his line. He was celebrated in the underworld. He had been much in the papers. Doc had a colorful personality which lifted him into the ranks of romantic adventurers. Amateurs in crime stood in awe of him.

The latest prisoner's face, when they brought him in, wore an amused grin. He was a middle-aged man, growing a trifle portly, with a distinguished mien, and immaculately clad. A cane hung over his left forearm.

The man in the chair, ignored by everyone, had eyes only for Doc Spangler.

The inspector shot his questions. The suspect had a quiet, amiable answer for each. His face never changed color. The Carolina Tobacco Shop? He did not even know where it was. No, he hadn't read of that job in the evening papers.

They led him away, presumably for more detailed questioning in a more private room, in reality to quiz Doc Spangler about jobs they honestly thought him responsible for. The little man's eyes followed Doc Spangler until he vanished.

Inspector Wright brushed one hand over his gray thatch. He took notice of the time, a quarter to four. He was alone again with the young fellow.

"Can I smoke, sir?"

Wright looked up, glared.

"You here yet?" he demanded.

"There ain't nobody told me to go, sir."

Wright's mind seemed to be groping. "Oh, yes, I remember. You're Willie Budge. Who brought you in?"

"Long, sir."

"Ye-ah. I was asking you about the Grawitz grocery job, eh? You live around there somewhere. Long says no

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one ever heard of you working. You're all dressed up, Willie, and you don't look hungry. Come now, how do you pay expenses?"

Willie Budge was wise enough not to answer. They could not pin the Grawitz job on him. He had a clean alibi for that night. His lips closed tightly. He did not have to answer.

Inspector Wright was not perturbed by the defiant silence. At that moment a diversion occurred when a detective shoved another prisoner into the room, a surly fellow who seemed to be in doubt as to whether to submit quietly or to put up a battle.

"Who's this fellow?" Wright asked.

"Jickers is one of his names. He's got a dozen of 'em. He just drifted in from Chicago, I heard."

"What's his line?"

"Safes. He's good too. Friend of Doc Spangler's."

"Anything special?"

"No, but I thought you'd like to ask him a few questions. I'll get his record sheet for you."

"All right. Come back in half an hour. I've got Doc Spangler on my hands right now. You can leave him here. Sit down, Jickers."

JICKERS, scowling tremendously, sat down. Wright turned to Willie Budge and said impatiently:

"I wish detectives wouldn't bother me with birds like you, but here you are, and I've got to ask you some more questions. I'm too busy now. Got a real fellow to work on, a man that did a real job. That Grawitz thing—thirty or forty dollars, wasn't it? Till pried open?"

"I don't know."

"Sit here till Detective Long comes back. You can smoke."

Willie Budge, soothed by a cigarette, chuckled inwardly. He felt now that he was slipping one over on the police. He was in a genial, expansive mood.

Jickers sat only a few feet away, surly and uncompanionable, frowning at the closed door. They were alone.

Willie liked the other fellow's looks; liked his flashy clothes and the tough twist of his mouth; admired the surly look of hatred he had turned on Inspector Wright and his bold, unfluttering gaze. Willie hoped the time would come when he could look a cop in the eye that way.

Willie hitched forward.

"D'you know Doc Spangler?"

"Sure," Jickers growled, "but you don't."

"How'd you know I don't?"

"Didn't Wright just ask you about some peanut stuff? Thirty or forty dollars out of a till you pried open? You a friend of Doc Spangler? Huh!"

"I didn't say I was his friend. I said—"

"Well, what did you say? What about Doc Spangler? They got him here, I know. Heard Wright say so. But they can't hook him up. They can't hook me up. Me and Doc should worry about their question marks!"

Willie thought, "I could knock this guy stiff if I told him."

Aloud: "They just had Doc in here. They're askin' him about a job on a cigar-store safe—the Carolina."

"Well," Jickers rejoined, "he might 'a' pulled that job. I know he didn't, but he *could*. It was a clever job, from what I read in the papers. But they can't pinch a man just 'cause he *could* do a job."

Willie could not help remarking:

"Clever job, eh—that Carolina safe? Some slick job, eh?"

Jickers did not even look at Willie. This goaded him to say:

"Listen, fella." His voice was safely lowered, and his watchful gaze moved between Jickers' face and the closed door. "Don't think I'm no bum. I'm better'n the cops know about, see? I don't take no rear seat fer you er Doc Spangler. I'm the boy that pulled the Carolina job, and that's that!" He jerked his head and winked with decided emphasis.

JICKERS lifted his head and laughed in Willie's face.

"Take another sniff, kid," Jickers rejoined placidly. "That was a crowbar job, and done right. I can tell that from the papers. That 'com' was hammered out by a real guy. It was a slick job of ripping too. Why, you couldn't rip the lid off'n a garbage can!"

"Couldn't, eh? I'll show you."

"They got you for prying open the till in some dinky store, and you've got the nerve to make a big talk about a classy safe job!"

"I'll show you the stuff, that's what!"

"If you got in a tobacco shop, you'd be satisfied with a pack of cigarettes."

"Is that so? Well, I got the stuff."

"What stuff?"

Willie looked at the door, shoved his face to within a few inches of Jickers' and replied:

"Eight thousand bucks. The Carolina stuff."

He drew back and let that sink in. Jickers studied him long and intently. He looked around at the door, then leaned to Willie Budge.

"I'm sorry I spoke rough—if you're that guy," he said. "If you're *him*, you can be my pardner."

Willie was dazzled by the proposal.

"I'll show it to you awright."

"If you're that good, you can work with me or Doc Spangler any night. When they spring us here, show me, and we'll travel side by each."

"I'll show you awright."

"Meet me at Cooney's, see. Know where Cooney's is?"

"Sure. I'll meet you as soon's I'm sprung."

When Inspector Wright came back he led Willie Budge into another room. Wright and three detectives bombarded Willie with a rat-a-tat-tat of questions concerning his general mode of life and the Grawitz job in particular. Willie sat tight and answered only when it was wise to answer. Wright looked at him with contemptuous venom.

"You're a crook, all right," he said. "Not a very clever one—a kind of a sneak. Little stuff. We'll get you sooner or later. Just now we can't hook you up. I haven't got time to monkey with a smelt like you. Got bigger fish to catch." He walked away, saying to the detective. "Run him out."

Cooney's poolroom was in that quarter of the city frequented by Willie Budge. There, an hour later, he met Jickers.

"Couldn't hook you up, eh?" Willie queried.

"Naw! Not a chance. I ain't turned my hand over in this town. Just got in from Chi. But they're holding Doc Spangler."

The glances he turned on Willie were still doubtful and tinged with scorn. Willie bubbled over with eagerness to prove himself a Class-A Crook.

"Come on," he urged. "I'll show you."

THEY took precautions to see they were not shadowed. Willie finally led Jickers into a shabby rooming house. They creaked their way up two flights of stairs and into a little room.

Willie's eyes glowed. Jickers' still showed the doubtful squint. Willie hauled the shade down and turned on an electric bulb. He locked the door. He had rented this room for purposes of concealment. It was not the address he had given at police headquarters. His fingers shook as he screwed off the cap of a bedpost and with a hooked wire fished out of the hollow brass post several rolls of paper currency. He littered the bed with the money, strewing it about proudly.

"You're him all right," said Jickers.

"Eight thousand bucks," Willie rejoined.

Jickers placed himself between Willie and the loot.

"I hate to do this, kid," he said, "but you safe smashers are getting too plentiful. Open that window."

A revolver appeared in Jickers' hand. When Willie's knees got strong enough he stepped to the window and opened it. Jickers blew a series of piercing blasts on a police whistle.

Willie sank into a chair and wiped his pale, moist face.

Other detectives, who had followed along and, in the street, awaited the signal, invaded the rooming house and joined the detective who that day had called himself Jickers. He waved at the table and at Willie Budge.

"That's the stuff out of the Carolina shop," he said, "and there's the lad who ripped the safe."

Illustrated by George Wright

He fished out of the post several rolls of currency

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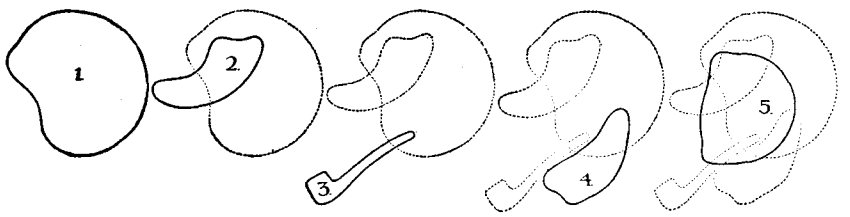

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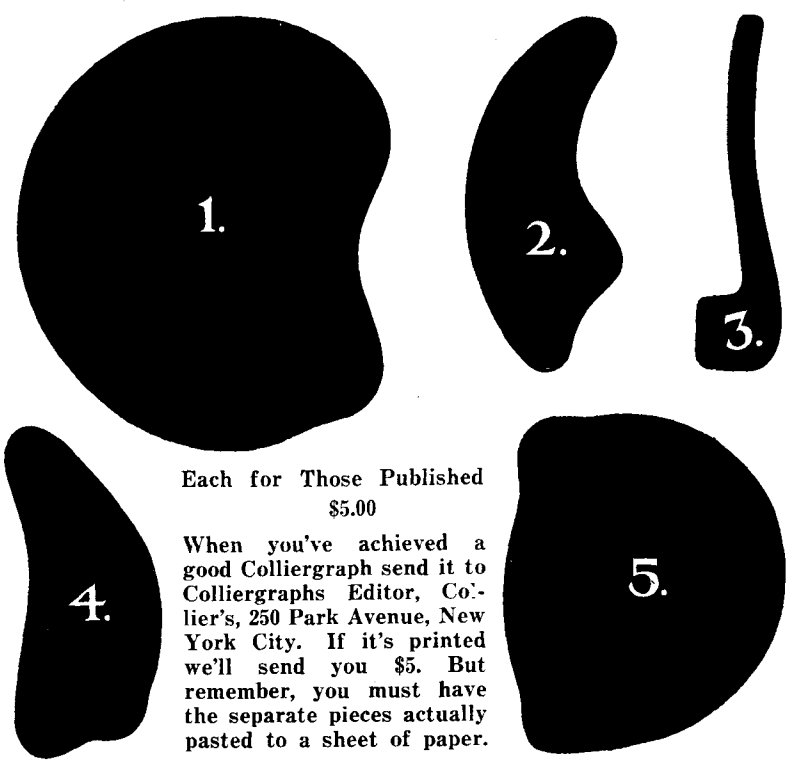

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At Sea

Continued from page 15

all that time. She had just left him there. Something queer was afoot, and she was a curious woman. She tried to hold her entire weight on her hands and push herself up. But the rail was too close to the cabin wall and her strength not enough to compensate for her sharply angled center of balance.

She decided that at the next lull she would jump, releasing her hold. But the wind was too sharp for that yet.

Again a streak showed across the face of the glass. She was fearful but curiously elated. Someone was in there without doubt.

The wind died, and she jumped. Suddenly she was looking into an impassive, evil, yellow face.

"Foo!" she shrieked and fell. Terror made her scramble to her feet. She rushed into the saloon, and "Foo!" she shrieked again. "In our room!"

They started up, alive with horror at this pallid woman's screaming and at what she said. Terror overbore the illness of the men. They were on their feet instantly.

Costello appeared as if by magic. He was breathless.

"What is it? Stop yelling. What happened?" he shouted.

They answered him in a babble of noise.

"You sure?" he shot at Mrs. Duval. She nodded, sobbing. Her face was ghastly in the dim light.

"I'll get him," he said, and was gone. Five horror-ridden minutes stretched eternally till he was back again.

"Nobody there. The room was dark. Are you sure, Mrs. Duval, you saw him?"

She gulped before she answered:

"Absolutely sure. I couldn't be mistaken. I was outside the room for a couple of minutes. I had locked it when I left it. The light was on. I could see it. When I jumped, I saw him."

Costello considered. "Well, he's made a clean get-away. What do you think he'd be after in your room, Mrs. Duval?" he asked her.

"I don't know. I can't imagine," she replied.

"Suppose you come along with me, Duval."

"No," replied Duval and settled down on the lounge. "I'm too sick. I can't go." He was ashen, probably as much from fright as from sickness.

"Will you come, Mrs. Duval?"

"Wait until morning. I couldn't now. Mr. Costello, please don't go 'way. Stay here tonight. Please."

Jennifer chimed in: "Please do, Mr. Costello. Our nerves are all picked to pieces."

He assented grudgingly. . . .

COSTELLO and Andrews made a thorough check-up of the Duval stateroom in the morning—assisted by both Duvals. There was plenty of evidence that the Duval belongings had been searched and ransacked on the previous night, but none to show that anything was missing. Andrews questioned Duval closely.

"Why do you suppose he singled out your room?" he asked.

"I don't know."

They propounded many variations of this question to him, but could not get a thing worth while. After a while they dropped the subject. Andrews, in the back of his head, still regarded Duval with suspicion, though he absolved Mrs. Duval. What was the connection with Foo? Was it some old prison kinship, something along the lines brought out by Costello when Duval was testifying? Was Foo actually "Chinese" Rogers? Now that he thought it over, he had not heard Costello say that he knew this Rogers.

When they were alone later in his cabin, he asked if Costello had any personal knowledge of Rogers. Costello seemed a trifle startled at the question. "Why, yes," he answered. "I know him very well." That spiked any chance that Foo might be Rogers. Costello would have spotted him when he first talked to him.

Despite the beauty of the following day, it dragged along interminably. Everyone was still jumpy and unstrung. They were all fairly sick of the voyage and longed for its end.

When they retired that night, Costello again refused to stay with the others despite Mrs. Duval's earnest solicitation. But Dr. Hornsby proved himself a tower of strength. He succeeded in quieting the fears of both the Duvals, and Jennifer felt herself soothed by his ministrations.

THAT night Andrews, in a tour of inspection of the ship, decided to look in the saloon and see if all was well with his passengers. And so he came on something that curiously disturbed him. He came partly into the saloon, and in the dim light saw that Jennifer's cot was empty. From the disturbed clothes, he gathered that she must have lain down and then arisen. As it was a warm night, be quieted whatever tremors he may have felt by assuring himself that she was on deck.

This would never do. With Foo at large, it was unthinkable that she should wander about. He set out to find her.

He came on her suddenly and was startled in spite of himself. She was talking to Costello. Her face, which he could see clearly, was frightened, and a glint of tears was in her eyes. Costello held her arm and appeared to be soothing her. Andrews had never beheld the two together and alone before. A sudden rage, which he fought down, shook him.

"Anything the matter?" he inquired mildly.

Costello was a trifle startled, but the girl gave no sign.

"Why—why, no, Captain. Miss Green was a little bit scared. The Chink's got on her nerves. She's all right now, though."

Afterward, when Andrews had moved on, he didn't quite believe what Costello said. There was something between the two which had been held back from him. And it surprised him, who had counted himself a confirmed misogynist, to find out how very disturbing that was. More and more this girl was entering his thoughts. Just why, he could not tell. She was pretty, but he had known his share of well-appearing women. It might be that cool competence of hers in moments of stress. But that seemed a flat and profitless basis for a—a liking. He had known competent persons before. He was one himself. It was something more difficult to explain, more exciting than mere competence. He shrugged his shoulders. . . .

Next day, Sunday, the sea had subsided to the usual lazy Atlantic roll, and the weather was perfect. Hornsby conducted simple services, apparently relying entirely on his memory for his unctuous words.

From then until the following Friday the days dropped away, as tense as they were bare of incident. There was no further relaxation possible. So long as

(*Continued on page 32*)

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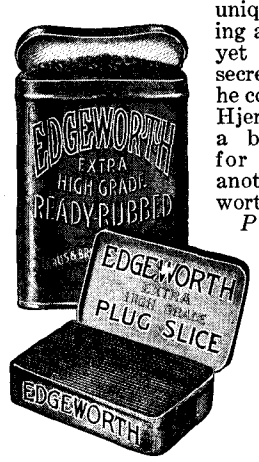

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At Sea

Continued from page 30

they were penned in the ship with Foo, they could neither ignore nor forget him.

The Delkirk expected to make Southampton by Saturday afternoon at least, so this night the passengers decided to keep to their own staterooms. The men had been uncomfortable and were stiff and tired out from attempting sleep on that unyielding lounge. The women were anxious to escape once again to the privacies of their cabins.

Andrews proposed this. He did so on a mysterious suggestion from Costello. "Cap, the big blow-up comes off at eleven-thirty tonight. Get all the passengers in their own staterooms. I can't tell you why until eleven-thirty. You be outside Hardy's cabin then. Have your gat with you."

ANDREWS detested the man for his lack of frankness. Here he was, building another mystery out of some triviality, probably. Nevertheless he decided he'd be there.

Promptly at seven bells, eleven-thirty, things began to happen. Andrews was nervous. Costello's words might have been mere rodomontade—or maybe something real. Just before the bell he decided to take one turn about the deck to see that everything was shipshape. He had just reached the passageway opening next to Hardy's cabin when he heard a shout. A sudden wild scuffle of feet sounded. Then a revolver shot rang out. Quick as a flash he saw Foo dash wildly through one corridor and around the corner of another.

"Missed me, y' missed me," he screamed as he turned and a mocking laugh flew back from him. Andrews dashed in and sprawled suddenly when he collided with Costello in the corridor. Both fell. Costello had a smoking pistol in his hand. He arose immediately.

"Come on," he shouted and Andrews followed. A piercing feminine screech rang after them. "Mrs. Duval," thought Andrews grimly. Frightened probably—nothing else.

He turned the corridor corner around which Foo had run and stopped. What he saw was pure melodrama, blazing wildly and suddenly before him.

The passageway was brilliantly lit. On it were only two staterooms, one of which had been assigned to Jennifer Green, the other to Dr. Hornsby. Foo was standing, with just his head appearing in sight, outside of the door opening on the deck.

Right outside of Dr. Hornsby's door, flattened back against the wall, was Jennifer. Even before Andrews could shout, Hornsby's door opened and the clergyman rushed out, a wicked-looking revolver in one hand, his Bible in the other. Quick as thought he fired at Foo. But, quicker than that, Jennifer had knocked his arm up and the shot went wild.

The next instant Costello had Hornsby on the floor. One hand held him by the throat, the other pressed a pistol to his temple. Jennifer snatched up the Bible. It opened. There was a sudden gleam of diamonds as some rings fell. Bills fluttered to the floor.

Foo rushed in, handcuffs in his hand. In a moment they were on Hornsby. Costello was expertly frisking him.

"Got him and got him right," he said.

Andrews looked on dazedly. Who was friend and who was foe in this crazy mélange? Costello grinned at him. He was winded, and his breath was coming fast.

"Captain," he said, and indicated Foo, "shake hands with 'Chinese' Rogers of the U. S. Secret Service."

Later, in Andrews' cabin, Costello explained. They were all assembled there and all talkative. The excitement of the night had gone like wine to the heads of everyone except Andrews. He felt curiously cheated. Costello had been deceiving him. He was not in the habit of occupying a secondary position on his own ship. Costello saw this.

"Cap, I guess you think we treated you pretty mean in this whole affair. But you certainly were more help to us the way things were than if we had let you in on what was coming off.

"You see, we wanted this guy Hornsby—his real name is Mendez—we wanted him bad. The U. S. was after him for a mail swindle he pulled and the New York cops for a couple of local jobs. Rogers had been chasing him for a month. He could have nailed him at any time, but he wanted the goods on him. Twice he has been on trial, but each time he beat the D. A. and got off. Couldn't get a conviction. Well, I wouldn't have come along unless he had pulled that Hardy job. I didn't know Mendez was aboard until I saw him. Then I saw Rogers. We got together.

"You see, I knew Mendez—or Hornsby, I'll call him—through seeing him in the line-up. But he didn't know me. He didn't know Rogers either. So that gave us a big jump on him. We was pretty sure it was him that socked Hardy. But we wasn't positive. We could 'a' made a collar right off the bat, but we wanted to get him cold.

"Of course, when your examination came along, we could 'a' made a liar out of him, but that wouldn't 'a' got us nowheres. So we fixed it up for Rogers to do a fade-out. Well, the minute Rogers ducked Hornsby smelled a rat. He had the swag bunked all the time, and he knew there wasn't any reason why someone else had oughter duck. He must 'a' known then that Rogers was a cop.

"Did you notice the way he tried to railroad Duval? That map of his—and the circumstantial evidence he tried to pull in. Oh, he's a nice fellow.

"Well, anyways, I hid Rogers in my cabin." He broke off a minute. "Say, Andrews, you're some bloodhound. While you was searching the ship, Rogers was sittin' on the world in my bunk smoking my cigars." Costello chuckled. Andrews grinned—an unamiable grin.

"Well, when you got 'em all to sleeping in the saloon we searched Hornsby's room. Couldn't find a thing. Then Rogers got the idea that he might have planted the stuff on Duval so he'd have an out if he was bagged. So we searched Duval's room. Mrs. Duval seen Foo that night and nearly spilled the beans. I was in the room too, but she didn't spot me. We was stumped then—couldn't guess where he'd planted the swag. There was a good chance that we wouldn't have found it at all if it wasn't for Miss Green here."

HE TURNED to her: "Lady, you been a peach all through this affair." He again addressed Rogers and Andrews: "Did you see her knock his arm up? Rogers, you was certainly headed for Calvary Cemetery for a moment."

"I'm a Lutheran," said Rogers mildly.

"And I thought you were shooting at Rogers," said Andrews to Costello.

"Just drawin' Mendez out, so t' speak. And that trick Bible of his was a clever stunt, at that. You see, the center of all the pages was hollowed out so he could carry all the stuff around with him all the time. It was Miss Green spotted the Bible. When that investigation of yours came off, we hadn't noticed it. We didn't know she had any suspicions of anyone. She was an ace to help us out the way she did."

Jennifer broke in: "You see, my father was an Anglican vicar. I suspected Hornsby was a fraud as soon as he commenced to explain himself. When he said he subscribed to the thirty-eight articles in the Book of Common Prayer, I knew he was a fraud. There are thirty-nine, you know—or at least any minister would. That's why I was sure he had something to do with attacking Hardy. *Then I used to watch that Bible. He always quoted from it, but he never opened it.*"

Costello resumed. "Say, what'd you think of Rogers' pigeons? That was on the level. The U. S. Secret Service is making experiments with them as message carriers. Neat, wasn't it, the way it fitted in? He did release the pigeons, you know—and while we were gabbing at your investigation, Cap, them birds was bearing such important messages to Washington, as 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.'"

Costello wound on with his story, Rogers occasionally taking it up. Andrews, sitting a little back from the light, felt a curious repugnance for the two detectives. Thief takers—explaining their revolting profession in thieves' argot!

His thoughts broke off, and he caught himself up sharply. Was he really honest in this? Or was he just an outraged boy, nursing a calf-like love, whose vanity had been hurt because he had played second fiddle in an adventure, because he had not attained heroic size in his lady's eyes?

He felt a quick disgust of himself. He arose abruptly.

"It has been a very pretty comedy, gentlemen, and well played. I'm very much obliged to you both. And to you, Miss Green. However, it's over, and it's late. We'll be at Southampton tomorrow, and I have many things to do."

THEY were all a little astonished, but the gathering quickly melted. Andrews felt silly. Another schoolboy gesture. Jennifer was the last to go. He was almost afraid to look at her as he bade her good night. But he did.

Something in her look suddenly thrilled him. Her eyes were kind, compassionate—and something else.

"Good-by," she said. "I may not have a chance to see you in the morning."

"Good-by." He felt miserably inadequate to the situation.

She turned away. He suddenly wanted to hold her back, to say something more, he knew not what. It was intolerable that the only woman who had ever touched him should walk out of his life this way.

"Miss Green," he called.

She came back.

And he had nothing to say. He just looked. Emotionally he boiled, but he could transmute none of it into words. The silence hung—and lengthened.

She took pity on him. "I'll be in London for a month, Captain," she said softly. "At the Queen's Inn in Holborn. Won't you come to see me? I know no one there. I'll be quite lonesome."

A sudden ecstasy flooded him.

"Why, yes. I will, surely. Glad to."

It was grossly inadequate, but it would suffice.

THE END

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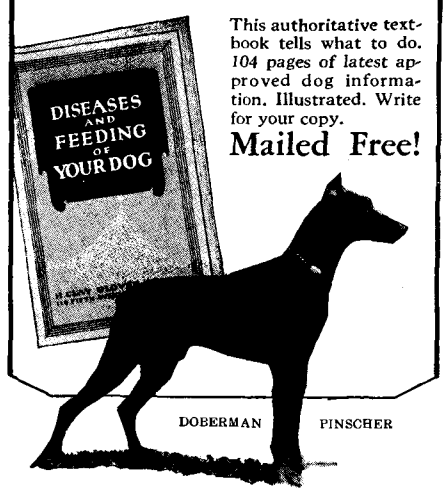

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Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 7

Dad an actor?' I remember asking her, showing her the book but hesitating because of the way she looked at me.

"'Your father's dead,' she answered, speaking, as she always did, in German. And then she said, 'You know I never talk about him.'

"'But you talk about Mother!' I remember reminding her, standing my ground for once."

Delavan caught himself there and suddenly stopped. Family confidences can go so far, and then they automatically turn on the "stop" signal. If the tall young man at Judge Henrichs' table had continued his story, he would have told them that Aunt Bertha had answered, all in a bitter breath, "If it hadn't been for your father, your mother would have been alive today. *And* your baby sister. . . ." But things like that aren't told over a dinner table.

"YOU lived much alone when you were a boy?" asked the major, as though checking up in his psychology.

"Yes, sir," said Delavan. "Aunt Bertha didn't believe in neighbors. 'No good ever came yet from running around in other people's houses,' she often told me. Of course I went to school and ran errands. We bought our groceries on the street below, and I always liked to go there, because next door to the grocer's was an old-fashioned stationery and candy shop kept by Madame Napoleon."

"Ah, what a name!" beamed the major.

"And ah, what a woman!" smiled young Delavan, his unhappiness temporarily quite forgotten. "I heard later that, if allowed a reasonable amount of latitude, she could go straight back to the Great Bonaparte himself! I always liked to stop and look in her window and it was there, one day, in a row of ten-cent books, that I saw 'How to Entertain an Audience'—by a Veteran of the Stage."

"And that's how you learned your card tricks?"

"Yes, sir. If I hadn't already discovered Salome, you see, the entertainment of an audience might not have interested me. But as it was I saved my pennies until I could buy the book. There was nothing in it about Salome, but it was full of card tricks, and one by one I mastered them all.

"I read a lot," said Delavan reflectively. "We had a good library—near the school. Dumas was there, for one. And Stevenson. And Reade. And Verne. So being denied human companionship, it wasn't long before I was pursuing vicarious adventures among the immortals. When Athos bit his lips, I know I bit mine. And when he bit his lips till the blood came—well, I never went quite so far, but I do believe that the marks of my teeth were there!"

"I like that—biting your lips with Athos," smiled the judge.

"Oh, and I fought with d'Artagnan, too!" exclaimed Delavan, his voice unconsciously rising. "I looked at my adversary with a haughty air, and twice the point of my sword darted at Jussac's throat!"

"A wooden sword?" asked the major.

"No, sir. First, a curtain rod. But one day, dusting in a closet, I picked up an old walking stick. I was darting it here and there, now at Jussac's throat, now at the Man of Meung, when the end of the stick flew off and uncovered a long, steel blade."

"A sword-cane," breathlessly nodded the major.

"Yes, sir. With my father's initials on the silver band. I was sure Aunt Bertha didn't know of it—so I hid it in my room and continued my education there. Once, I remember, I had stopped to rest by the window, and was watching the ships and gulls down in the harbor, when I saw Orville Wright making his first flight from Governor's Island. And after that, whenever I dreamed of the future, I always saw myself flying over distant lands and seas. . . ."

For the next few moments, Mill Delavan looked over the table as though still living again his dreams of the past, but before he had time to compare them with the broken realities of the present *the judge interrupted his thoughts by* asking, "What about your education? You went to high school, I suppose?"

"I started high school when I was fifteen," said Delavan in a more reflective voice.

"I can see you now!" exclaimed the major, the pink-faced psychologist, "a pale young man, living more than ever in a world of your own—'holding yourself aloof from the villagers'—"

"That was it," nodded Delavan, smiling infectiously in spite of himself. "Aloof and stately!"

"'Speaking with an accent of irony, impossible to describe,'" continued the major. "'Drawing his sword, saluting his adversary, and charging forward with irresistible force. . . .'"

"Yes!" exclaimed Delavan, "especially when my adversary called me 'Sister' because of the apron—or 'Dutchie' because of my aunt!"

"'Dutchie' was always a fighting word with me," solemnly nodded the judge.

"In my second year at high school," continued Delavan more happily, "the French instructor happened to say that he had studied fencing in Paris, and it wasn't long before we were having some fine old bouts together, each of us masked to keep our features together."

"ANY boxing?" asked the major, possibly thinking of that venomous blow which had put Lastry on the floor.

"Only by accident," said Delavan, considering. "The French instructor and I were fencing one day in the gymnasium, and one of the boys—Buck Ellison—said there was nothing to it with bird cages over our faces. 'And anyhow,' he said, 'People don't fight with swords any more. Why don't you try the gloves if you aren't afraid to come out of your cage?'"

"And you tried the gloves?"

"Oh, right away! A point of honor, you see, the way he challenged me! And the bout might have ended differently if he hadn't called me 'Dutchie.' But as soon as he had the gloves on, he started dancing around and crying 'Now try to hit me, Dutchie! Try to—'"

"The word 'Dutchie' would do it," beamed the major.

"The moment I heard it," said Delavan, "my fist just naturally lashed out at his chin. It was nearly a minute before he was able to sit up."

"As quickly as that it happened?

"Yes, sir. Being the only blow, it was easy to remember. Between my fist and Buck's chin I could see a dotted line, and my fist had snapped along that line like the knot on the end of a whip."

"Then you don't think it's altogether the weight of the blow?" asked the judge.

"No, sir, I think it's a trick more than anything else—like snapping the thumb and finger, or throwing a fast ball, or even catching a fly. As nearly as I can judge, it's the crack of the blow. And because Buck was talking, his teeth were apart; and that probably helped, as well. Buck, of course, thought it was a fluke and we tried it again next day."

"With the same result?"

"It took a little longer, but the answer was the same."

"Did you ever hear any more of your father?" asked the judge, apparently consulting the wrapping of his cigar.

"Only once," said Delavan.

AGAIN he had reached a corner where the traffic sign said "Stop." As a matter of fact, Delavan had caught his next sure glimpse of his father in his third year at high school.

The class had been studying drama in the English Literature class, and Mill had been sitting next to Gabby Garfield. During the course of the lesson, Gabby made a surreptitious triangle with the corner of his mouth and through this illicit opening he had whispered "Your father played in this one once—" . . . this one being the School for Scandal.

Delavan had made no answer; but on the way home he overtook Garfield.

"Do you know anything about my father?" he had asked.

"Not much," said Gab uneasily, possibly thinking of what had happened to Buck Ellison. "Only what I've heard at home."

"Do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"Shoot!"

The question had seemed hard to aim, but it had come at last.

"Did you ever hear anything about

(*Continued on page 36*)

That Bothersome Piece

SOME of our little playmates in the fascinated army of Colliergraphs seem to be at a loss to put to good use that peculiar little piece of shadow that resembles a pipe. A lot of the timid ones have been burying it under the other pieces and letting it go at that. Others have been content to use it as a pipe. But in four examples below, the creator of Colliergraphs shows that it actually offers endless and intriguing possibilities.

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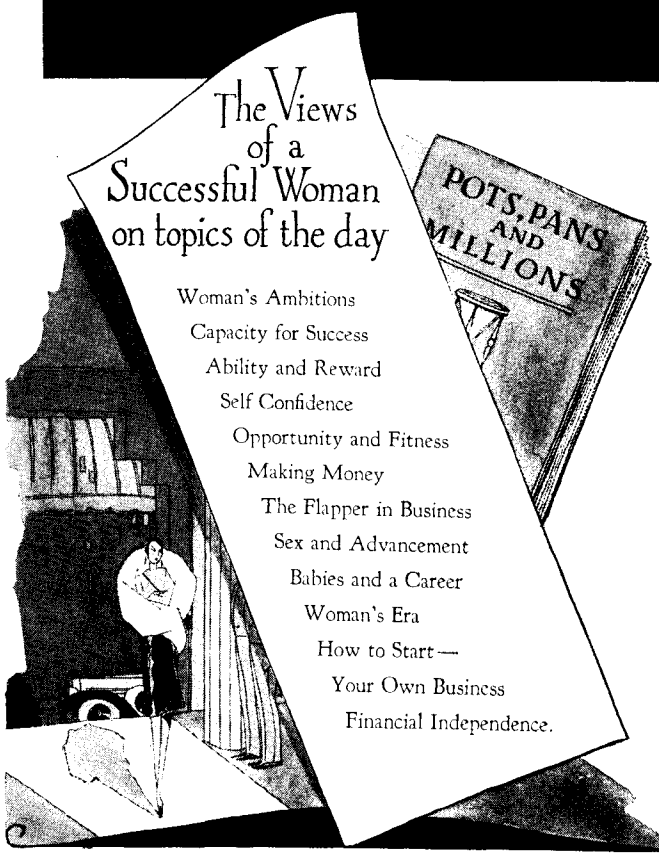

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF BUSINESS SCIENCE FOR WOMEN
National Press Building, Washington, D.C.

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Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 34

my father—and my mother? And—and why she died?"

That time it had been Gab's turn to hesitate.

"Well, I haven't heard much," he had said. "Only—well, they say he went nutty over some rich dame. They say—they say she finally made a monkey of him and sent him home—but he got back home too late."

There had been other things, too—other chapters, other pages—in Delavan's life which he could hardly have related to Major Henrichs—and yet they wouldn't have been without their psychological content.

MILL had always been a good student at school, but in his last two years he became a model—shining especially in German, French and physics.

Using his aunt's High German as a foundation, he now built many a pleasant room, many a stately cloister. The limpidity of Goethe, the thunder of Nietzsche, the music of Bellinghausen—he had learned to delight in them all. And partly because he liked the French instructor he soon made the acquaintance of l'Abbe Constantin and the Fables De La Fontaine.

"Conversation, however, is the life-blood of a language," his French teacher had told him. "Your German is good because you speak it at home. And now, whenever you can, you must speak French, too."

So Delavan had fallen into the habit of dropping in at the shop of Madame Napoleon. Apparently he was merely stopping for the evening paper on his way home. But haltingly at first—and then with gradually increasing speed—they discussed the news of the day.

"*Ce meurtre, Madame,*" young Delavan would begin, looking at the first headline. "*C'est une étrange affaire.*"

This had been all right at first, but more and more often Madame Napoleon's niece would shyly enter the shop from the back room. She had recently arrived from Marseilles—a dark, pretty girl with eyelashes like the twitter of birds and lips like verses to spring. Irene was five years older than Delavan, though you would never have guessed it if you had seen them together—the young man so tall and dignified, and Irene so ingenuous with her slim young legs and modest glances.

The next thing Delavan had known he was going into the back room.

"Oh, just for a cup of tea, M'sieur. You will honor us very much—"

This had gone on until, one evening, he had found himself in his room at home composing "*Une Ballade pour le Belle Iréne.*"

He had just translated into French the question "Oh, tell me why it is you make me tremble?" when he suddenly tore the paper into fragments, and after that he avoided Madame's back room as a certain horned gentleman is said to avoid holy water.

"The tea—the tea makes me dizzy," he said, pressed for a reason.

"You are sure it is the tea, M'sieur?" Irene had gently railed him. "It was not because you told me how to say the word 'luff'?"

"At least, Mademoiselle," he had answered with much dignity, "I prefer to think it was the tea!" And climbing the hill for home a few minutes later he had sternly exclaimed to himself, "No, sir! Never! One in a family's enough! No girl living is ever going to make a monkey out of me!"

Delavan was silently recalling some of these chapters—some of these pages—from the past, when the voice of Major Henrichs recalled him. They were in the living room overlooking the city below, and the butler was serving coffee.

"When in high school," said the major, "did you choose your profession?"

"In our last year," answered the young man, "each member of our class filled out a questionnaire. And this was one of the questions: 'What is to be your vocation in life?' I remember that some of the boys wrote 'Law'—some 'Commerce'—some 'Journalism.' Buck Ellison wrote 'Plumbing Contractor.'"

"What did *you* write?"

Delavan colored to a faint pink.

"You must remember that I was very young," he said, with the ripe maturity of the middle twenties; and, laughing a little at that youth who had lived—and died—so long ago, he added: "I wrote 'The Pursuit of Adventure!'"

"*Schön! Schön!*" cried the major, clapping his hands. "In that drab chorus your words ring like a trumpet peal to me!"

"Perhaps they sounded so, then," said the other, the shadow of the court-martial suddenly chilling his spirit. "But not today."

"Not today?" echoed the major. And in a more confidential manner, "My boy, let me tell you something: your adventures are just about to begin. In another month—"

"One moment, Carl," interrupted the judge, with a warning wave of his hand. And turning to Delavan he continued, "This aunt of yours—Aunt Bertha—is she still alive?"

"The week before I graduated," answered Mill, "she had a stroke—one of those strokes of fate which our forbears wisely described as a 'shock.' She could just move around, but no more. And for the next four years I followed the pursuit of adventure by looking after Aunt Bertha."

"And that took all your time?"

"No, sir. For nearly two years I memorized much of Shakespeare—I think with some obscure idea of becoming a great tragedian. And during the last two years, I—" again a pink flush warmed the ivory of his face, "I wrote a book."

"A novel!" cried the major, clapping his hands together. "Love repressed breaking out in fiction!"

DELAVAN stared at him, wondering how much this red-faced old psychologist had guessed from the breaks in his story.

"I called it 'Steel and the Golden Age,'" he said. "A novel with a moral. And this was the moral: that if men would only wear swords again this world would be a better place for residence."

"How did you reason that out?" asked the judge.

"First," said Delavan, rising and walking to the window, "because we would have more adventures."

"And second—?"

Delavan turned, both arms outspread in unconscious gesture.

"Second," he exclaimed, "because manners and morals would immediately begin to mend!"

This time both the brothers clapped their hands; and the major said, "Didn't I tell you, Fred? Didn't I tell you—the moment I saw him—" But the judge was still staring at Delavan half fascinated as though at last he had caught a most surprising answer to his question.

"A quarter past eight," he said, looking at his watch. "Will you pardon me, please—"

He returned five minutes later.

"I had nearly forgotten," he said. "A number of friends are coming up to play bridge tonight— Ordinarily Mohammed goes to the mountain, but there are nights like this—when we can play outside on the terrace—"

Delavan arose and made a courtly bow—a bow, it might be guessed, which was at least partly taken from Steel and the Golden Age.

"No; don't go yet," said the judge, with a significant glance at the major. "I lead a lonely life up here among my stars and chimney tops. Please stay at least until my other guests arrive."

This happened about half an hour later. Delavan was still telling of his enlistment in the army as soon as Congress had declared war—sure at last of finding that adventure which was to be his life's vocation—when the butler appeared at the doorway, and bowed two visitors into the room.

The first was a graceful, dark-eyed beauty of about thirty, her features touched with the sadness of a Benda mask. And yet beneath that sadness it was possible to see a piquant personality which found it difficult to stay concealed.

"Madame Seidler," said the judge. "May I present Mr. Delavan?"

Delavan bowed—again as from a chapter of Steel and the Golden Age.

Whereupon the judge turned to his other visitor: "Miss Van Deusen—Mr. Delavan."

JOYCE VAN DEUSEN was about twenty-one—a girl with dreamy eyes set far apart, and the friendly smile of a child.

"Look out for her!" said Madame gayly, as though she read the young man's thoughts. "She is not so young as you think she is—and that is always dangerous!"

Again Delavan's bow was a courtly thing to see.

"I'm not afraid," said he, "if Miss Van Deusen isn't."

Joyce shyly gave him her hand—and as shyly took it away again after her first warm clasp.

"Aunt Mildred will be up in a few minutes," she said to the judge. "She stopped downstairs to telephone."

She had hardly finished speaking when a queenly looking matron appeared, a queenly looking chinchilla scarf draped over her shoulders.

"So sorry to keep you waiting," she said, "but I suddenly remembered that I hadn't locked—"

For the first time then she saw Delavan; and if you had been there you might have been pardoned for thinking that she quite stared at him.

"Oh, yes," said the judge. "Mrs. Van Deusen—may I present Mr. Millard Delavan?"

"Mr. Delavan," repeated Mrs. Van Deusen in a low voice.

"Mrs. Van Deusen," said the tall young man with the courtly bow.

Delavan and the major left a few minutes later, and as soon as they were gone Mrs. Van Deusen called the judge out on the terrace. "Before we play cards," she said, "come and look at this moon." But the moon, as ever, was only a pretext. Hardly had the door closed behind them when Mrs. Van Deusen turned quickly to the judge.

"Who was that young man?" she asked in a low, breathless voice. "And where on earth did you find him?"

(*To be continued next week*)

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Riders of the Whirlwind

Continued from page 9

history. It was such a daring feat that even after its success was assured people still spoke of it as "Durant's Folly." When it was at the height of its first success, Durant, driven as he always is by a restless energy, wandered for a brief space from his automobile dominions to lead an expedition of conquest into the electric bulb region. He set out to take it over—to be the bulb king of America. He was unfortunate in his choice of a time for this diversion. The stock market panic of 1907 swept down on him. His bulb domain was in flames and with that citadel burning like Moscow he turned his steps for a retreat to General Motors, only to find that stronghold in danger and a horde of hostile bankers laying siege to it.

The First Return from Elba

Durant had to have $15,000,000 at once. The only way he could get it was to submit to a loan from Wall Street bankers, who forced him to sign a trust agreement which took from him control of the great automobile merger for five years. At the end of five years the bankers figured the loan would be defaulted and that General Motors would drop into their lap. Durant surrendered and went away on a vacation.

In a few months he turned up with a new car. Perhaps you have heard the name—Chevrolet.

He worked quietly at his new enterprise apparently forgetful of the old one. The five years rolled away. Then one day the board of directors of General Motors was in session holding the annual election. A door opened and "Bless my soul," said someone, "if it isn't Durant." It was Durant.

"Gentlemen," he said very amiably, "I control," and he laid down a roll of proxies that confirmed his simple statement. He had paid that $15,000,000 note and gathered enough proxies to recapture his pawned throne. Durant had made his first return from Elba.

He remained at the head of General Motors until 1920. That was the year of the big deflation. Prices were toppling. Fresh millionaires were withering on their stems. All around him Durant saw the cardboard structure of war-time prosperity crumbling. Among other things he saw the stock of General Motors go from 40 down to 12. Standing like Napoleon at Waterloo he hurled his millions into the breach to support the stock and to save the company. But the forces of the enemy were too numerous. When it was all over Durant had emptied a fortune of over $90,000,000 into the wreck and the control of General Motors had passed from him again.

As usual it took the form of a vacation. To Durant a vacation does not mean a rest. It means getting away from interruptions where he can work a little harder. He goes to Florida or to Europe. But he takes secretaries and filing cabinets and works on board ships and trains and in summer hotels more than ever. Last summer in Europe he talked with his chief broker every day. Some days he talked with as many as half a dozen from Berlin or London. One of these conversations from Berlin lasted more than an hour and cost $3,000.

So after the deflation of 1920 and his second retreat from General Motors he went on one of these vacations and in four months reappeared with another car company—this time the Durant Motors. That was eight years ago. And now he is back again, they say, without doubt the biggest winner in this or any other Wall Street campaign.

Durant is a shy man, quiet, almost professional in appearance and demeanor. The capacity of swift action which has carried him so far made its appearance in very early life. As a young man—he had been a traveling salesman—he got a lift one day on a wagon. Wagons had always fascinated him and so he spent his brief journey on this one admiring its fine craftsmanship and sturdy construction. He looked for the manufacturer's name plate and found that the wagon had been built in Coldwater, Mich. When he got down his mind was already made up. He wanted to be connected with a concern which made such fine wagons. The next day he boarded a train for Coldwater.

When he got there he found a small wagon factory and a proprietor who was anxious to sell. Young Durant made another quick decision. He offered to buy the plant. He had no money but he found a friend who could put up $2,000 and go in with him. That friend was Dort, who gave his name later to an automobile. These two became the greatest wagon manufacturers in America. When the automobile appeared they were among the first to perceive the revolution which was under way.

Durant's first car was the Buick. He took that over from a man named Buick. Somehow in the transaction Buick's rights got badly mislaid. Later Durant sent for him and voluntarily gave him a check for a substantial amount. Once he came near buying out Henry Ford. He offered Ford $18,000,000 for his whole works. Ford was satisfied but demanded $2,000,000 down payment. But Durant couldn't swing the first payment.

One night last spring I sauntered into Wall Street. The district was astir with an unwonted midnight energy.

It had been a stormy day on the floor of the exchange. The always chilling cry of "corner" had gone up that day. The turnover in stocks had been overwhelming. Brokers had almost torn each other apart in their efforts to put their trades over. The board of governors was investigating the charge of a corner and in all brokerage offices clerks were at work late filling out the exchange's questionnaire and clearing the huge volume of sales which had piled up that day. And all because a young fellow who a few years before had been selling theater tickets in a downtown agency had put over a successful and sensational pool in radio. A new luminary had flashed across the Wall Street sky. This was Mike Meehan.

From Ticket Seller to Stock Broker

Unlike the other figures described here Meehan is a broker and a member of the exchange. Right now he is perhaps the biggest broker in the street though he is only 37 years old. His firm maintains six floor memberships on the exchange. That means an investment value of $2,700,000 in Stock Exchange seats.

A few years ago he was manager of the downtown branch of McBride's theater ticket agency. There for several years he sold tickets for Broadway hits to the tired business men of Wall Street. Also he had kept his eye on the market, learned its language and mastered its mysteries. By 1918 he had saved enough to buy a membership in the curb market.

The first month he made $18. So he went back to ticket selling, trading on the curb by day and selling show tickets at night. But it didn't take him long to find his way around and eight years ago we find him paying $90,000 for a seat on the big exchange. That was just before the big bull market got under way.

Meehan is what is called a specialist. He devotes himself to Radio, International Match and Utility Power and Light. So when a few big operators decided to stage a bull campaign in Radio Meehan was the natural candidate to handle it. When he started Radio was 85.

By what market experts call one of the most brilliant examples of stock market manipulation ever carried on Meehan ran this stock up to 384 and has kept it there. After that it rocketed, of its own momentum, to varying figures above 400, until it crashed down in the now famous December break.

Who was in that Radio campaign? Again we meet the names of Cutten, Fisher, Durant and Raskob—the big four whose hands are found in innumerable operations. Raskob is out of the market now. But apparently the others are still in. What part Raskob has played is very difficult to tell. He has remained very far in the background, behind the scenes. But Wall Street recognizes him as a power of first magnitude. When, on the eve of his departure for Europe last year, he said General Motors ought to be selling for fifteen times its earnings and predicted higher earnings that statement precipitated the most violent upward swing the market has ever known.

Held the Balance of Power

Everybody knows the story of the rise of Raskob from the post of a stenographer at $7.50 a week to the control of the financial concerns of the mighty Du Pont empire. What is not so well known is that the entry of the Du Ponts into General Motors resulted from Raskob's interest in the stock market. From the time of his rapid rise as Du Pont's right-hand man Raskob had been a keen student of the market and has made numerous profitable investments on his own account. He had fixed his eye on General Motors stock when Durant was guiding its destinies. He had bought some of the stock and induced his friend Du Pont to buy some. Between them they held 3,000 shares. That was not much but when in 1920 Durant and his enemies faced each other in the final battle for control the two sides were so closely matched that the Du Pont and Raskob 3,000 shares held the balance of power.

Both sides finally agreed on Du Pont as chairman of the board. After that the Du Ponts went in heavier. Raskob, the former stenographer, sat down with the Du Pont directors and persuaded them to put $50,000,000 into the giant motor merger.

How much more they have put in since I do not know but their holdings today are said to be worth at the present market around $800,000,000.

Raskob never ceased to be a bull on General Motors. He induced 80 executives of the corporation to form a pool and buy its stock. They had $5,000,000 between them. They borrowed $28,000,000 more and bought $33,000,000 of the shares. That stock today is worth $250,000,000 and those eighty gentlemen are all millionaires—of Raskob's making.

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For QUICK RETURNS— in 2 different markets

Two more manufacturers are telling their salesmen and dealers why they chose Collier's — for ACTION!

1. **To introduce the new Corona Adding Machine to the progressive business market.**
2. **To sell Rogers Brushing Lacquer in the home.**

Both want quick advertising action. They feel that Collier's gives it to them—because it is geared to their markets. And here are their reasons for choosing Collier's as described to their dealers and salesmen all over the country.

CORONA ADDING MACHINE

"Collier's offered us mass circulation with a high percentage of male readers and good coverage of business men. This was strikingly impressed upon us by the fact that Roger W. Babson's recent article in Collier's brought requests for 142,000 reprints from business executives in two months. Furthermore, we felt that Collier's was a good buy because it has a rising circulation.

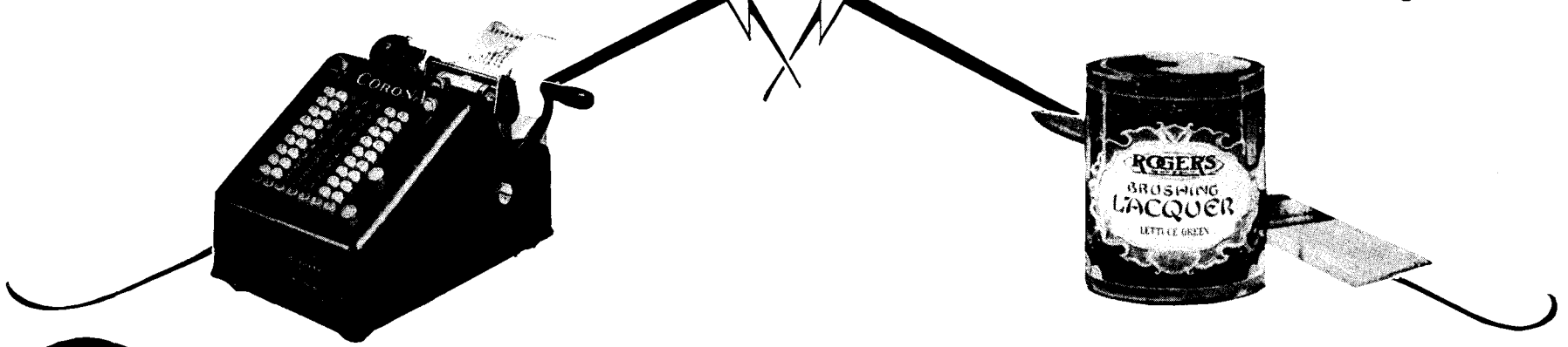
"In short, Collier's, on all counts, assures the Corona Adding Machine the most active interest and highest responsiveness from the business market."

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS

"Everything about Rogers Brushing Lacquer is in tune with modern people who want quick results. And in our selling we had to get action everywhere at the same time, to get results—and *we had to reach the women.*

"Our spreads in four colors in Collier's—with its more than 1,750,000 circulation among the real homes of America—have aided materially, we feel, in attaining a remarkable success in a very short period. Women by the hundreds of thousands today know and use 'Rogers'—solely because of the persuasiveness of 'Rogers' advertising placed in the right mediums.

"We chose Collier's—for ACTION! We got it!"



Collier's for Action!

now more than 1,750,000

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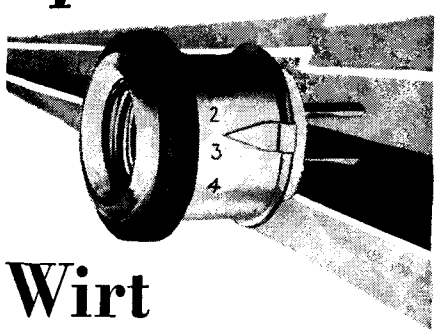
for giving the height of protection

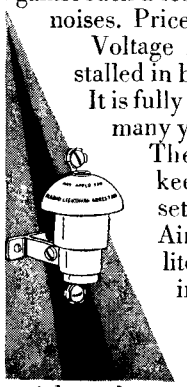


Wirt

Voltage Regulator Lightning Arrester

The protection that these two give is guaranteed! They save money and eliminate radio worries.

The Wirt Voltage Regulator is a saver of A.C. tubes—and dollars. Excess voltage caused by current "surges" is injurious to tubes and set. It often burns them out. The Regulator is a *real* protection against such a loss. Also cuts down line noises. Price $2.25—and worth it!

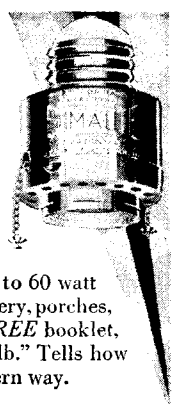


Voltage Regulator is easily installed in but a few minutes' time. It is fully guaranteed and will last many years.

The Lightning Arrester keeps lightning out of your set and also your house. Air gap type. Made of bakelite and brass—"petticoat" insures ample insulation in *any* weather. Terminals are extra heavy—and so arranged that aerial can be connected without cutting it—much the best practice for better reception as well as for complete protection. Bracket insures rigid fastening. Only $1.

Order the Regulator and Arrester from your dealer *now* or use the coupon below.

THE Wirt Company is the *only* maker of the *famous* Dim-a-lite. This little device gives five changes of light to one bulb from "on" to "off." It greatly enhances the beauty and comfort of home lighting. Saves bulb cost and light current. Snugly fits any socket and works on any bulb. $1.00 for No. 23—25 to 40 watt size; $1.25 for No. 23A—50 to 60 watt size. Great for hallways, nursery, porches, and sick-room. Write for *FREE* booklet, "Many Lights from One Bulb." Tells how to light your home the modern way.



WIRT COMPANY

5221 Greene Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

for your convenience

WIRT COMPANY
5221 Greene Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me by return mail:

.....A. C. Voltage Regulators .....No. 23 Dim-a-lites
.....No. 23A Dim-a-lites
.....cartons of 10 Wirt Lightning Arresters, No. 200

☐ Free booklet, "Many Lights from One Bulb"

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... *State*.....

Modest Man

Continued from page 13

He nodded to an isolated house which stood defiant and white in the clearness of the stars a little behind the ditch.

"What about them six dames at her house?" demanded Poole.

"Well, Pooley, without saying anything about this girl you're thinking of I wouldn't be surprised if she was one of them because they were all modests," said the Sergeant. "Kitty says to one of them, 'Don't you think he's a fine figure of a man?' and she says, 'He sure has. Honest, he's got as fine a figure as I ever saw on a man and I am making clothes for a big woman who'd give her right ear to have his hips.'

"POOLEY, I wouldn't be telling you this if it wasn't you're my buddy and I don't want this to go no farther either or else you and me are going to break up with a couple of punches in the jaw. But the next thing I hear is, this dame, who might be the girl you're thinking of, for all I know, says, 'Listen, Kitty, I wonder if I could borrow him for five or ten minutes because with his figure I could show you a trick I caught onto for making a woman the size of a laundry look like a high-school flapper, Kitty says nothing would suit her better and the next thing I know I'm standing on a chair, Pooley, with this modest pinning silk on me. Me in my shirt."

"Gosh," said Private Poole.

"Hope a howitzer kisses me. Yessir, me standing on a chair in my suspenders with this modest hanging curtains on me. Sore? Pooley, it was all I could do not to reach out and sock her in the eye. After a while she takes a hunk of silk and makes a bandage of it and ties it around my stomach and stands back while all the other dames are saying 'Oh, my, ain't that chick!' And she says, 'Well, it ought to be, it's French.'

"And with that, Pooley, I forgot my manners. I told them all to go take a jump at themselves. 'Joseph,' says Kitty, 'I'm ashamed of you.' 'Listen,' I says, 'you're wasting your time. I am so ashamed of myself you're crowded out. Good-by!' She hollered after me that she didn't ever want to see me again if that was the kind of a guy I was and I told her I would see to it she wasn't disappointed."

Whatever Private Poole may have had in mind, by way of comment, was halted by a renewal of the German artillery attack.

In two staggered lines the barrage fell, one behind and one in front of the village. In short vicious jumps the pounding curtains of steel danced toward each other, one advancing, the other retreating. And Mercidieu between them.

The house behind the trench where Sergeant Bracci and Private Poole crouched went early. The shell must have entered its roof midway between its four thick stone walls. Bracci and Poole threw themselves hard against the back wall of the ditch waiting for falling masonry.

A few small stones were their harmless share of the débris and then, with a curious light thump, something the size of a man's body fell into the mud at their feet.

Sergeant Bracci and Private Poole waited a moment to be sure the shower of stone and metal was done; and then they leaned over the prostrate visitor.

"Pooley!" cried Bracci. "D'ye see? D'ye want any more than that to tell you lay off this modest of yours. You couldn't ask any more than that, could you? Cripes, take a look at yourself, kid."

It was a dressmaker's form, the lone occupant of the house behind the observation ditch. Bracci grasped the figure by its wooden neck and thrust it roughly into Poole's arms.

Poole was still holding the outraged manikin (at arm's length) when the telephone tinkled, fetching both of them back to the business of war. Bracci took the instrument.

"Yeah? Machine guns? Sure. What did you think they were—a couple of garden hoses? What? . . . Well, suppose Jerry does hear me. What of it? He knows all about them, don't he? Two of them. No, not three and not maybe. Two of them. Listen, I can see, can't I? And they're only out there a couple of hundred— All right, a-l-l-l right, I'm shut up. Listen, Gillespie, you guys back there in the s. o. s. are lousy with ideas. . . . A-a-l-l-l right, kid, write a letter to General Pershing, will you, and let me know. . . . G'wan. Go kick yourself in the chin. I'll call you up some night when you ain't got a bellyache. M-m ha-a-a-a-a."

"The nerve of that cooty garage, Gillespie," scoffed Sergeant Bracci, replacing the telephone with a crash. "Telling me to be careful or the enemy will overhear us. Wants to know how many machine guns is holding us up and then shushing me for telling him. Says maybe Jerry's laid induction lines to listen in with. What if he has? Listen, Pooley. Put down that statue of yourself and tell me what is an induction line."

Private Poole propped the dressmaker's form upright in a corner and admitted ignorance.

"The boys back there in Mercidieu," went on Bracci, "have seen all the sights and want to move on. The major wants to find out about the guns in the mountain there and being that you and me ought to be good neighbors with them by now he wants to know if they'll move out peaceful or be thrown out with great loss of life and limb to all hands. Boy, he must think the Jerries and us are fighting to sit in each other's lap."

"It ain't far," ventured Poole, nodding toward the mountain.

"We got to get nearer," replied Bracci. "Shut up now while I shake up an idea."

THROUGH his powerful glasses he peered at Mauvais, huge and clear in the light.

The mouth of the tunnel was fortified, against the reply of small arms and even one-pounders, with stone and concrete. Through apertures wide enough to allow them all the play they needed, the fat snouts of the machine guns sprayed down upon the Briey Road and Mercidieu.

From the shield of rock and cement to the top of the tunnel's maw were not more than two feet of open space. Ten feet above, the mountain receded, leaving a narrow grassy plateau. A company might have camped comfortably on this mountain shelf. There was not a tree nor bush upon it.

Sergeant Bracci was reconnoitering this flat roof of the German nest and giving murmured credit to the binoculars which made it so easy.

"Boy," sighed he, "with these cheaters a grasshopper wouldn't have a secret worth passing on at this distance, and with the stars helping the way they are. Whoever made these glasses wanted to see what was going on. When this war's over I'm taking them back to Pittsburgh with me and save a lot of flatfooting—"

His roving eyes came to a startled halt. He raised himself until his head and shoulders were above ground. He strained hard against the wall of the trench as if crowding for a better view of the mountain. The highly efficient field glasses stopped sweeping Mauvais and concentrated hard upon a spot well back on the plateau. They had picked up two hurrying figures.

The two men had popped into view from the ground. Both trotted back until they were lost in the darkness of the mountain's face. Then one came forward into the glow of starlight again, holding glasses to his eyes with both hands.

"Looking us over," growled Bracci. "Here's looking right back at you, kid."

Then the other reappeared and he had a look at Mercidieu. Together they lowered themselves back into the hole from which they had sprung.

The sergeant quit looking. He relaxed, and dropping his glasses in their leather case turned abstractedly toward Private Poole. So absorbed was he in thought that several moments passed before his eyes accepted the latter.

POOLE was standing off in a corner leaning heavily upon the manikin, his right arm thrown around its shoulders, his mouth slack, his eyes fixed on distance, his mind, perhaps, in Pittsburgh. The tableau fetched Bracci back to earth with a jarring swiftness.

"Pooley!" Poole dropped the manikin as if it had burned him and made a large but transparent show of nonchalance.

"Get her out of here," commanded Bracci menacingly. "Out of here, see! My God, you and that is going to lose this war for me. Just when I was thinking. Out of here before I give you both the air."

He took a step toward the private and Poole sprang to action. He grasped the model by its wooden base and hurled it like a javelin into the air. Together they watched its flight and saw it descend, feet first, into the bushes in front of the observation post. And there for a moment it maintained a drunken balance, swaying crazily.

Its spectacular flight had caught the enemy eye. It was still soaring through space when the Germans turned their weapons on it, and as it lurched there on the bushes they poured their maximum fury upon it.

Under the impact of the assault the manikin reeled backward, pierced by a dozen bullets, and returned headlong into the trench.

At least four bullets had ripped her. Bracci counted that many. Then he stopped because inspiration smacked him.

"Pooley," he cried, "listen. You and me and the old ribbon rack here are going to work. Boy, I got an idea that's dying for work. Both ears front and center, kid."

Upon Poole he poured his inspiration and Poole listened—apathetically.

"Sure, Sergeant," he said. "Anything you say. The only thing is we ain't got a rope. I ain't seen a hunk of rope since they put me off the ship." Bracci looked about him. At the side of the telephone box lay a coil of fine copper wire. Swiftly, deftly he caught it up, looped one end around the dummy's thick waist and the other around Private Poole's.

"Hitched," he gloated. "Hitched.

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You might as well get used to it, boy. Now let's see if you remember what I told you. Give the grand idea a try. Pooley. Let's see if you and the old gal there know your parts. Rehearse, kid, rehearse."

Without enthusiasm but capably Poole and the manikin played their rôles. Bracci applauded.

"Pooley," he said, "sometimes I ketch you flatfooted using the bean and here you are doing it again. Keep it up, especially tonight, and maybe you'll get so used to it you can go back to Pittsburgh and not get run over with a sewing machine. Listen, I'm going. I'm depending on you, Pooley, you old mess kit diver, and if Gillespie calls up tell him I'm out finding out what the war's all about."

EASILY and flatly he swung his powerful self out of the ditch where he lay for a moment on his stomach. Briefly he looked hard at Poole. Then, grinning, he said:

"See you later, kid."

"So long," said Poole.

The short journey to Mount Mauvais was so easily accomplished that Bracci was a little surprised and more than a little apprehensive. It came to him, remotely, that perhaps he was a fool; but, after his fashion, he heartened himself with the thought that the country must be swarming with fools. Else why the war?

He had arrived rather more rapidly than he had planned, not that that was a bad feature. Jerry had not celebrated his approach with a single shot, for which he was properly thankful. But what cheered him more was that all this was evidence that the Germans hadn't seen nor even suspected his coming. It was light enough for the gunners on Mauvais to observe an unusual agitation of the underbrush, and open up. They had demonstrated that. But Bracci had been as deft and he had been swift.

Flattened at the base of the hill, well on the flank of the sweep of the guns, he considered the ascent he hoped to make. A hundred and fifty feet perhaps; maybe two hundred. Just beyond the bushes that cloaked him he saw a path and he thanked the luck that had guided his feet.

But before venturing upward he looked back toward Mercidieu. Easily enough he located a defiant corner of the ruined house behind the observation post. Poole would be there in the trench, of course, but Poole would be thinking that the Sergeant was still mooching mountainward. So Bracci waited, his eyes hard on the bushes in front of Poole's post and his ears alert for ground sounds on the mountain path. He had left the all-revealing glasses behind. In their stead he carried an extra gas mask case.

He waited until his excellent nerves began to scold, and then, to pacify them, he began counting the seconds to himself. He heard things too, or thought he did, on the mountainside. He drew his automatic and cocked it and, queerly, his mind produced recollection of a gala evening at a dance hall in The Strip, back home, when a booze-bewildered Hunkie shot a girl who laughed at his terrific failures at waltzing. Bracci had taken the gun away from the man, after breaking his jaw.

"Come o-o-on, Pooley, come o-o-o-on," he breathed. "Hop to it, stupe. Give Jerry and the old hard-working Sergeant a little something to get excited about."

But he had counted another sixty seconds before Poole came on. Over the bushes in front of the observation post a figure leaped. It came to earth feet first, and then it pitched forward on its face. Bracci felt his blood leap at the sight but his exultation died swiftly. There had been no burst from the machine guns. In another moment another figure leaped out of the ground across the valley and into the bushes; and this time the Germans were not caught napping.

Both guns were blazing and it pleased Bracci to think that there was a frantic note to their onslaught. A third figure leaped into the bushes across the valley. A fourth. The Germans above were harrowing the valley with lead. Let the Yankee swine come on. They'd not get far.

Bracci took to the path and warily began his ascent. He could no longer see across the valley; the path was walled with scrub oak and matted briar. But he knew that the rush was going well. The hammering of the machine guns was now incessant.

He was at the path's end and in the open before he realized how far he had gone. Luck was still leading him—almost too fast. On a level with his eyes stretched the little plateau on which he had seen the reconnoitering Germans.

He threw one swift look across the valley. A dark figure leaped from behind the tall bushes which screened the observation post, only this one came at an angle different from those he saw at the bottom of the path. It leaped, reeled, tottered, fell, riddled doubtless by machine gun fire as had been all its predecessors.

Bracci leaped across the level roof of the tunnel, his automatic in his right hand and a Mills bomb in his left. From the hole through which the two Germans had lowered themselves the reek of exploded powder rose.

Into the hole he thrust his pistol and fired twice. At his second shot the racket of the machine guns ceased.

"Allez, Jerry, allez, and make it snappy," he roared into the hole. "I got a major who's crying to meet you. Come a-stepping, kid, and let the old Sergeant see your hands first. No, let's have the machine guns first. Shake a leg. I'm giving you three. One. . . . Two. . . ."

The heavy, round roar of a pistol was his answer. The flash blinded him and he reeled back from the hole. The bullet had passed his face and smashed the brim of his steel helmet, which fell with a clump at the edge of the plateau.

The head and shoulders of a machine gunner were above ground when he tossed them the first bomb.

PRIVATE POOLE was weary. It had been an evening of violent physical exertion for him, not to mention the emotional strain. He was leaning dejectedly against the back wall of the ditch, his left hand clutching a wire which was looped around his waist and ran out into the bushes in front.

"Cripes, Sergeant," he said, "you done something."

Sergeant Bracci waved the praise aside, scoffing.

"Let's see her," he cried. "Let's have a look at the girl friend."

"She's lost some," said Poole, yanking the wire viciously.

Bracci took hold of the wreck of what had been a stoutly respectable dressmaker's form. He held it at arm's length, inspecting it with the air of the large conqueror. She had, indeed, lost something. Her once bland bosom had been ripped asunder by many singing bullets. Of the wooden spindle and knob which had been her neck and head, there remained only a thin sliver. Her wire ribs had been reduced to four or five and she could no longer stand alone.

He spun her around, vastly pleased with what he saw. And then, satisfied, he tossed her across the trench into the hands of his dejected buddy.

"There's looking at you, Pooley," said he.

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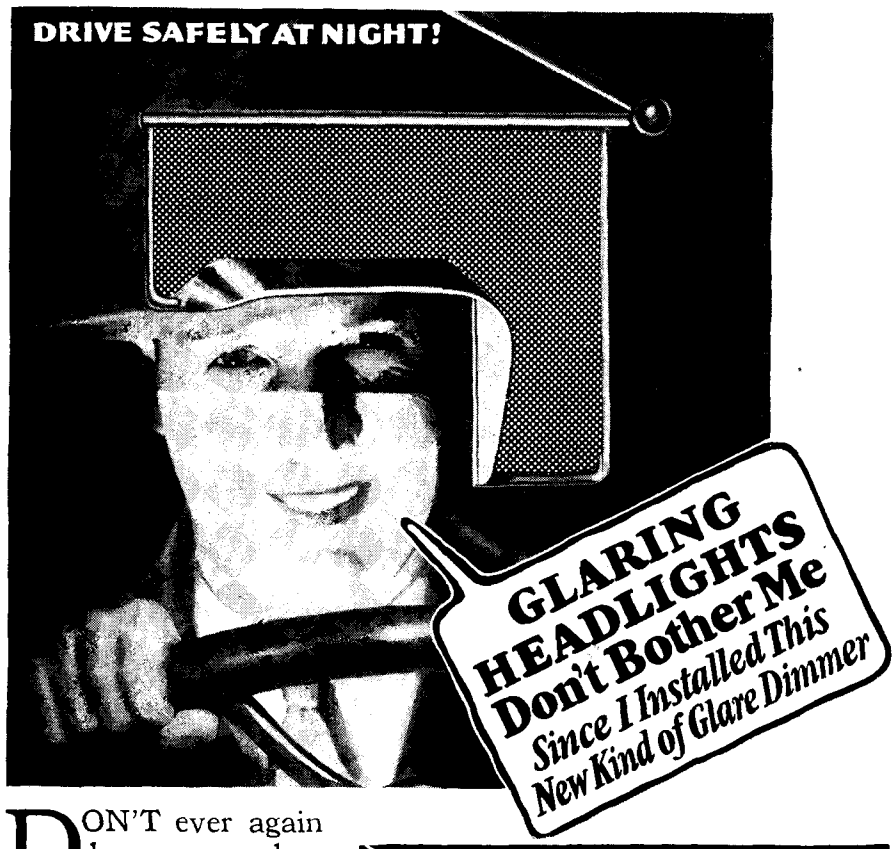
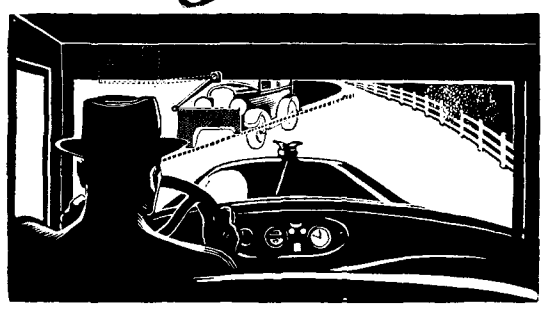


DON'T ever again be nervous when driving against glaring headlights on a narrow road. Look right at the fiercest glare without blinking. That's what you can do with this amazing new safety device.



Look straight ahead when glaring headlights flash in your eyes. Face-a-lite breaks up the glare. You see every inch of the road ahead.

Notice the illustration above. Those tiny pin holes in the screen break up the glare, while Face-a-lite permits shaded vision ahead. And thus without blocking your view or cocking your head to one side. No wonder over 100,000 car owners have already installed Face-a-lite. And now you can test a sample at my risk. You can even win an advertising sample FREE OF COST! Simply mail coupon below for details.

Fits Any Car

Face-a-lite can be installed in a jiffy on your windshield—and just as easily removed. Complete instructions come with the package. It is ruggedly made and should last indefinitely. Constructed by engineers who have designed accessories for the leading American automotive concerns.

What Car Owners Say

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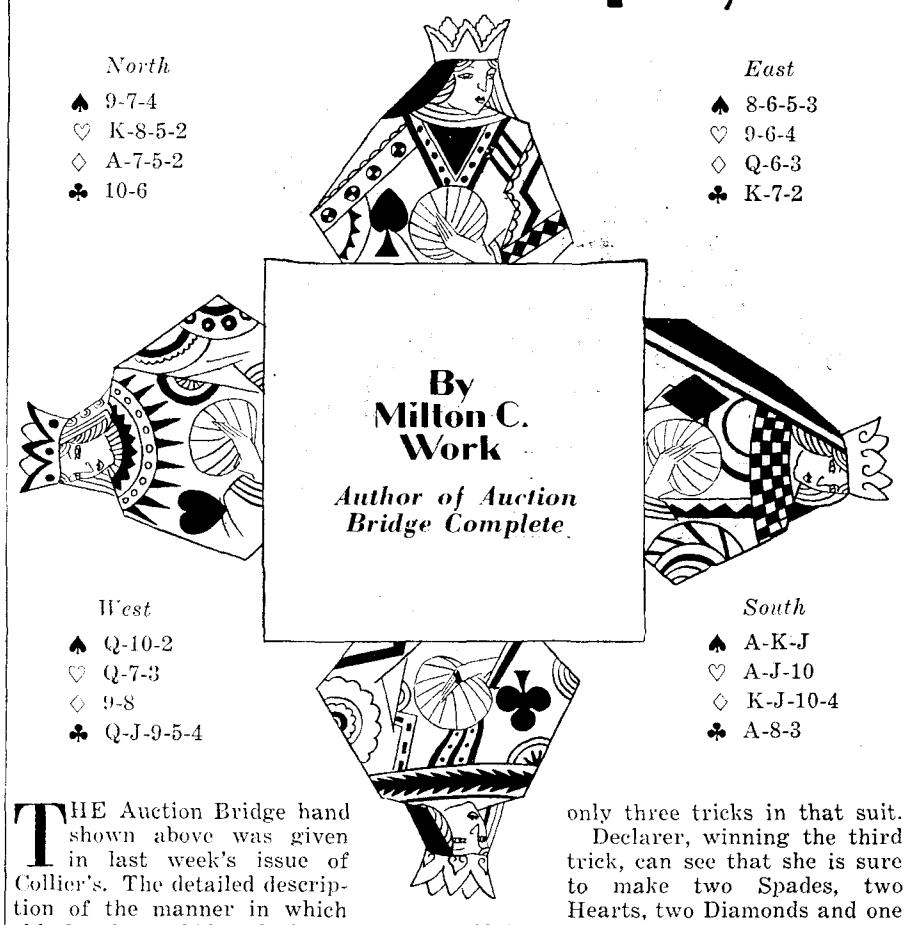
How would You play it?



THE Auction Bridge hand shown above was given in last week's issue of Collier's. The detailed description of the manner in which this hand was bid and played follows:

The Auction

South bid one No Trump, which secured the bid. At Contract there would have been a question about Dealer's bid. My opinion is that the Dealer in Contract should start by bidding three No Trumps with a hand such as this. The minimum holding to justify this high bid is a count of 21 with every suit stopped. South has a count of 22 (reckoning Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2, Jack 1 and two Tens 1—two Tens are generally so useful that they should be rated as equal to the value of a Jack). All but the Clubs are stopped more than once.

The Play

There would be no difference between the play of one No Trump at Auction Bridge and three No Trumps at Contract. West of course would pick her longest suit and lead the Queen of Clubs from Q-J-9 just as she would have from Q-J-10. The reason for opening with the Queen from this combination rather than the fourth best is that when the partner has no assistance in the suit it will keep the adversaries from winning the first trick with the Ten and may keep them from taking three tricks all told when they hold Ace, King and Ten.

On the Queen lead, Dummy plays the Six and East the Seven (it is not safe for East to play the King because the lead may have been from a four-card suit); Declarer then has to determine whether to win the trick or to make the play known as the "hold-up." Playing No Trump, with Ace and two small cards of the suit led and with no stopper in the Dummy, a hold-up is generally advisable. The original lead is apt to be from a five-card suit and if Dummy have only two of the suit, the leader's partner will have three which can be exhausted by holding up the Ace until the third round. When the lead is from a four-card suit, the leader's partner will have four; but in that case the suit will not be as dangerous because the eight adverse cards will be evenly divided and the adversaries can make only three tricks in that suit.

Declarer, winning the third trick, can see that she is sure to make two Spades, two Hearts, two Diamonds and one Club. She needs two more tricks for game, which will be obtained handily if a successful finesse in Diamonds can be engineered. There is nothing in the bidding to indicate which way the finesse should be taken; but as the long Clubs will be in the West hand, the safe play is to finesse to that; if it loses, it will lose to East, who will have no Clubs unless the adverse division be the comparatively harmless 4-4. When feasible, it is always advisable to postpone a finesse until the second round; so South first leads the King of Diamonds to trick 4 and follows, trick 5, with the Jack of Diamonds and finesses. East has the Queen of Diamonds and wins this trick.

After East wins trick 5, she leads a Spade. South now has game assured and does not need a Spade finesse; moreover, while it might gain a trick if it won, game would go with it if it lost.

South wins trick 6 and leads the Ten of Diamonds, forcing a discard from West; but, although she would be glad to force both adversaries to discard by the lead of a fourth round of Diamonds, she does not make it but preserves the Ace of Diamonds in Dummy for an entry; she leads the Ace of Hearts to trick 8, and follows with the Jack of Hearts. It matters not whether West covers with the Queen or not; if she does not, Declarer will finesse as she can lose one more trick and still make her game. Played in this way Declarer makes two Spades, four Hearts, three Diamonds and one Club—four-odd, one more than game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 6-4-3	S. 9-8-7-2
H. Q-10	H. A-J-4-3
D. 8-7-3	D. 9-6
C. Q-J-8-7-2	C. 9-6-5
West	*South*
S. Q-J-10	S. A-K-5
H. 6-5-2	H. K-9-8-7
D. A-Q-10-4-2	D. K-J-5
C. 4-3	C. A-K-10

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Marriage for Two

Continued from page 12

He relinquished her at last.

"You dance well," she said.

It was her first speech since he had taken her from the Marquis.

"You're unbelievable," he muttered.

Her eyes grew chill. "Please—not this morning—again," she said.

She read his thoughts before he was aware of them himself. He flushed. The reaction from exaltation was too much for him. He was angered.

"Not again—not ever," he said harshly.

She smiled serenely. "Then we shall get on divinely."

BRUNET, an Argentinian of French paternity, sleek, too well-groomed, bowed before them. She floated away in his arms, and Tracy went sulkily to the bar, to solace himself with another cocktail. Valdemagara had found a trumpet somewhere and was summoning his guests to dinner. Tracy swept in with the others, and found himself a dozen places away from Joyce, seated between Jeanne Mazell and a vivacious Swiss, whose sturdy Teutonic countenance belied her irrepressible gayety.

But, thank God, Larry breathed, she had a devoted cavalier on her other side, and he did not need to play up to her. As for Jeanne Mazell, she wickedly ignored him, turning a very lovely and very white shoulder to him most of the time. And when she did relent and address a few words to him, she did so in a scolding manner.

It was all play and all delightful—on any other occasion. But tonight, furtively watching attractive men bid for the favor of his wife's attention, watching Billy's exaggerated—yet sincere—admiration, Tracy felt tired, old, out of it all. Damn it all, why couldn't everything be forgotten? Why couldn't Joyce and himself pretend to each other that their marriage had been the normal result of normal acquaintance and growth of affection. . . .

The music struck up again and the diners left the table. Confetti flew between the tables; feather darts were tossed; the usual banalities of a *gala* were in full swing. Tonight Larry would have enjoyed these manufactured efforts on the part of the management of a popular restaurant to make it still more popular had Joyce glanced toward him, signaled him to come to her side.

But she didn't, and—well, he wouldn't intrude. Someone claimed Jeanne and someone else claimed the gay Swiss, so he was alone, partnerless. He slipped away from the table and stood on the rocks overlooking the shining sea.

He had no thoughts, was empty-minded, save for a vague resentment at the world itself. And it was in this mood that Helen Wilson came upon him.

He became vaguely aware that someone else had come out upon the cliff, but didn't turn his head. Perhaps some couple, seeking privacy for the exchange of tender sentiments, had slipped away from the *gala*. Well, let them slip somewhere else. He had no concern for the loves of others, he who was having difficulties himself.

Then, as the approaching movement ceased, he had that consciousness of being stared at which is inexplicable save on the ground of inherited suspicious instinct. He turned, turned as though forced by the exercise of a will stronger—at the moment at least—than his own.

THE moonlight fell full upon the face of the person whose stare had turned him around. It fell gently upon blond curls, upon a sweetly seductive mouth, parted in tender eagerness now, upon blue eyes whose shallowness was concealed by the play of the moon, exactly as moonlight makes the shallowest pool seem of oceanic depth.

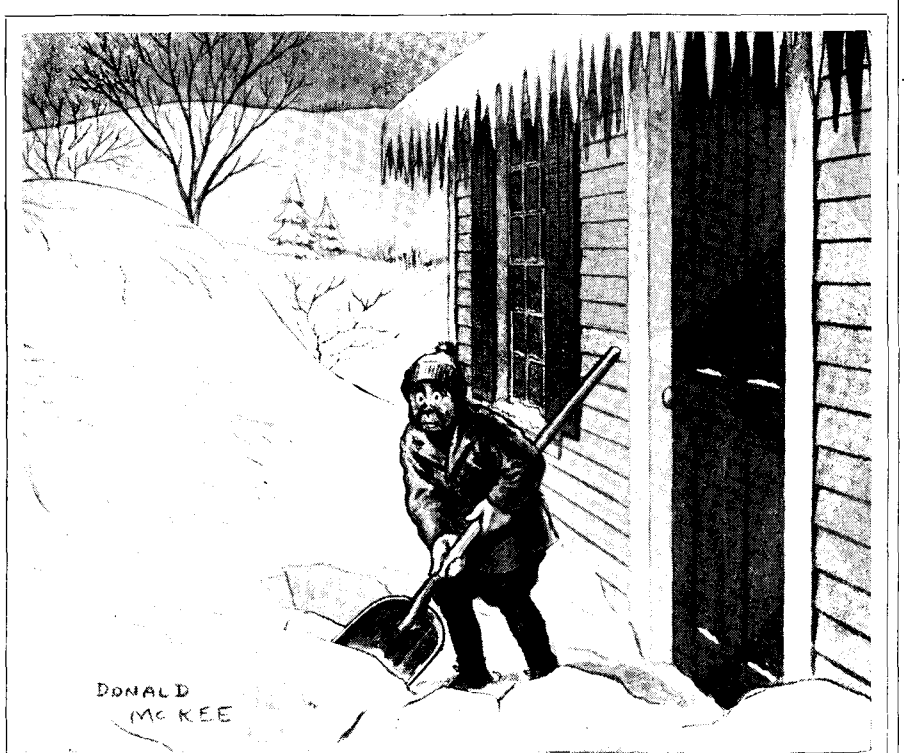
The parted lips spoke.

"Larry," they whispered.

"Helen," he said in amazement.

She moved a step toward him. Now he saw that her bosom rose and fell, could even hear the breath as it came from between her lips, could see and sense the agitation that possessed her. He didn't know how or why she was here, she who should have been back in New York with Frank Burton. He only knew that all her old charm was revived. He took a step toward her.

(*To be continued next week*)



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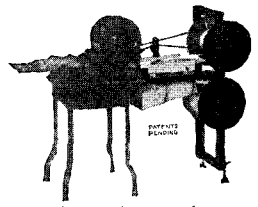

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No Mother to Guide Her

Continued from page 18

Ken. Better try to think this out coolly. You know what they want."

"Of course! They want their little girl back. Well, it looks as if they get her."

"Wait . . . wait. . . ." Jane was thinking intently. "Let's try to figure what might happen if Betty stands pat. They can't get her without her consent, can they? And if they can't get that, what are they going to do?"

"Don't be silly, Jennie."

"She can be stubborn, Ken."

"If you're trying to picture our little friend to me as a rising young Joan of Arc, you're wasting your breath, Jennie. She has caved in already. Look at her!"

NO GOOD trying to talk with Ken. Jane moved on down the aisle. Sure enough, Betty was softly crying. Just sitting there alone, crying.

"Have they begun rehearsing Sleepy-time?" she asked.

"No. Not a word. Holding everything up until they straighten things out with you."

"Oh, Jane, I'm so sorry!"

"Never mind about that. Tell me, how do you really feel about this Sandra? Does it stand up?"

"It's beautiful, Jane. I'm sure people would love it."

"That's all I wanted to know. You still believe in it. Even now, when you feel rotten and the world's fallen in on you."

"Oh, yes! Why, Jane, even working with that . . . that conceited prig . . . I'd stand anything . . . if there was only a chance. . . ."

"There is, Betty. But it's up to you. You'd have to use every bit of your fighting nerve. Ken Baker says you haven't got any."

Betty sat motionless for minutes. Then . . . she wasn't crying now . . . this came from her, in transparent simplicity, "If I only knew what I could do!"

"Just sit here a minute." Jane got poor Schevenik first. Dragged him up the aisle. Then went after Baker.

"Now you three," she said briskly (Jane loved all this), "just listen to Aunt Jennie a minute. First, Ken, about you and Betty. You hate each other. All right. What of it? I'm not going to ask you to kiss her, Ken. But I do ask you to stop thinking about your precious self and get down to the well-known brass tacks. You told me Betty wouldn't go through. I happen to know that she will. So that disposes of you. The key to this situation is in her hands. Just stopping Sandra doesn't help K. & A. a bit. They're losing money every day. They've got to have her back, and working, before they're anywhere. Now, they've bought Sandra, they claim. And the courts seem to agree with them. Well—"

"What the devil are you leading up to?" cried Baker.

"To the simple proposal that you make them go ahead and produce it. With Betty. With Schev. With you."

"Those swine? Never!"

"All you have to do, Betty"—she'd turned away from the director—"is to demand a contract that gives you the entire say over the details of production—casting, orchestra, costuming, scenery, direction. Then, when you've got the control, let Ken and Schev just go ahead."

There was a silence. Betty's eyes flashed up, straight into Baker's wearily burning ones.

"All right," she said. "All right. We'll try it. . . ."

Kerstow came thoughtfully into the private office. He and Sam had sat through a rehearsal the evening before. Sam had suffered. Because he was an excitable man, he'd finally just had to put his oar in. The snooty little Mr. Baker had promptly insulted him. Real insults, that even Sam finally caught the force of. For a time it looked as if there'd be a fight.

Today Sam was unhappy.

"Gosh, Joe," he broke out, "it's terrible."

Kerstow was silent.

"We lose our shirts."

"Well . . . maybe. But even so, we don't lose as much as Adams. And the less money she's got the easier she'll be to handle."

"But we've put our name on this piece!"

"Yes. . . . Look here, Sam! I've been doing a little scouting around. The press department say the critics are stirred up. There's a lot of talk going on. They're saying Morris Gest's nose is out of joint."

"What's the matter with the joint in Gest's nose, I ask?"

"Well, you know what he's done. And how big it's gone. Bringing over the Chauve Souris and the Russian Ballet and the Moscow Art Theater."

"Get what I mean? Maybe there's things we don't understand. Looks like we're going to have the papers with us for once. Lord knows why! But that's what the boys are saying. And it's occurred to me we might find a way to turn it to account."

"I ask you, how is that?"

"Take a leaf out of Morrie Gest's book. Just think it over, Sam. Look at Morrie! He is everywhere invited to dinners. He makes speeches about art. He is now the great artist. Why? Because he brings to New York those funny things. Now here are you, Sam. You bring to New York a beautiful new opera from Budapest. You have the composer to conduct. You put it on with what they call taste. Very good. Why is not Sam Karber, too, a great artist of the theater? It is said on all our paper, 'Under the personal direction of Sam Karber.' Very good. Why give it all to Morrie Gest? Up to now, Sam, you've been nothing but a producer. Just K. & A. Why not be more? Ride this thing. If the papers ask for a hero, be a hero."

Sam chewed his cigar. A quite new expression of contentment was creeping in about the bright little eyes.

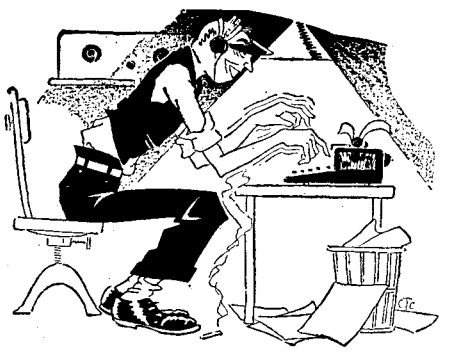
"You'll have to be careful how you talk, of course, Sam. Never mention money, or contracts, or real estate. Just your art. Your love of beautiful music. How you found this here Schevenik playing in a restaurant. Oh, we'll work it all out! We'll have pictures made this afternoon. There's just time to catch the Sunday papers."

Sam got up. Reached for his hat. Kerstow was already at the door.

TO THE theatergoers one first night is much like another. For one thing, the Bohemian population was out in force, upstairs, and were noisily ecstatic over the Schevenik music. Then, word had gone about among the sophisticates that here was something distinctive, something to be heard and talked about. Also the appearance of the dainty, wistful Betty Adams in dignified operetta made something of an event of it. The important reviewers all came in person.

Backstage you found a considerable

(*Continued on page 46*)



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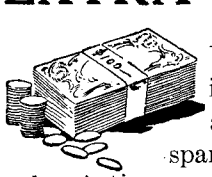

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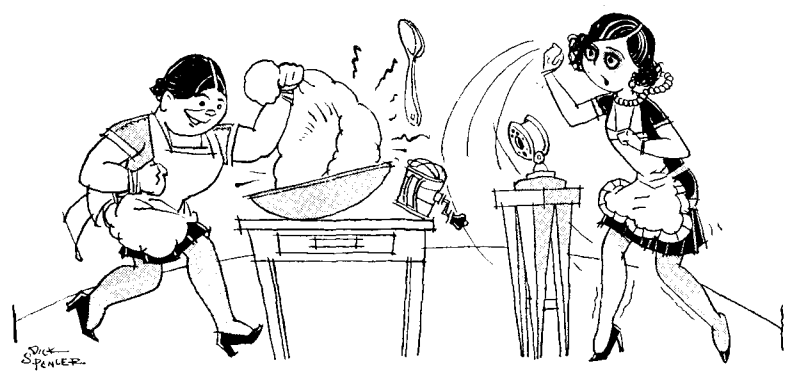
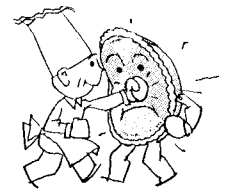


A Fight in the Cookshop

By Jack Binns

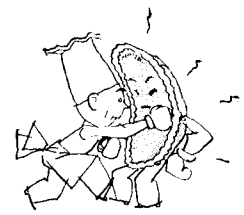


RADIO cookery classes are among the most important functions of broadcasting. If you doubt it tune in some morning, but I doubt if there breathes a man with imagination so rare that he can envision excitement in oven operations. Yet listen to this! It is an exclamation by Ida Bailey Allen—and, for those of my brethren who do not know I may say that Mrs. Allen conducts the National Home Makers Club over the Columbia Chain with an assistant doing the cooking right in the studio. Says she:

"I get so excited watching her I guess I feel just like an announcer at a fight or a football game."

Just look what we've missed. I'd feel like playing hooky just to tune in if I could be sure of hearing Mrs. Ida let loose with something like this:

"Well, girls, here we are! This looks as though it is going to be a peach of a fight—er, I mean pie. Cooky has just arrived. She's putting on the gloves now. She's in great shape. I'm telling you she swings a wicked doughnut hole puncher—and how! It's nobody's business. Well, we're about to go now. Ah, there goes the bell. Wow! Cooky just landed a pinch of salt right in the middle of the pan. She follows it up with an upperçut of suet, and then, right, left, right, left, in rapid succession she soaks in cups of flour. She's got the pie mixed up already.



"That's the end of the first round. They're dashing water on the pie now. Some crust to that pie. Well, here's round two, girls. Cooky wades right in. Now she's mixing it good. Wow! How that girl kneads dough! Ouch! She's just landed one right in the bread basket, and another in the soup. Well, it looks as though the old pie will soon be cooked for good. It's in the oven now. Some pie! Some pie! Well, cheerio, girls, see you soon."

A Speech Regulator

Graham MacNamee says that President Coolidge has the best radio voice of any speaker. What Graham really means is that the President's delivery is best suited to radio conditions. The reason is that Mr. Coolidge maintains an even volume of tone when speaking, and never raises or lowers his voice volume to seek oratorical emphasis or effect.

In radio transmission this is an important factor. Back of it lies the reason why every good broadcast station has to keep an engineer at the amplifier panel with his hand constantly on the volume control to regulate any sudden surges in speech volume, or any crescendo in musical passages. An engineer is human, however, and he cannot act until his senses have responded to the change which may come upon him quite unexpectedly.

You must have noticed the sudden rumble and roar which accompanied the first part of each emphasized phrase broadcast by speakers in the past political campaign. You can also realize from this why it is that a new program period is sometimes distorted during the first few minutes of its presentation. The amplifiers which were carefully set for the preceding program are not at the most suitable position for the new one.

What we need at our broadcast transmitters is an automatic volume control device that will immediately and unfailingly respond to such sudden changes and properly regulate the electric currents they set up. It is a great opportunity for inventive genius, and when applied will enable the real orator to ply his art without the present restrictions and without corresponding blasting whenever his voice roars out, or distortion when it dies away to a whisper.

Quit Rolling Those "R's"

"Is there any way under the sun by which you and I can respectfully but forcibly suggest to radio vocalists, mostly female, that the horrible habit of rolling the letter 'r,' which has recently broken out like a plague in the big broadcasting stations, is ruining their programs?"

Thus spake Howard Middleton in a letter that chased me to Europe and back. It caught up to me in a give-in-ish moment, so I am in the mood to accept his subtle suggestion that I share his aversions—at least to the extent of quoting him further:

"Notice carefully for a while," says he, "and you'll agree with me the practice is spreading like an epidemic."

Ah, now, Howard, let's be charitable. Look what has happened since the sweet gurgling sounds of yore were first prohibited. Well, then, do you think the prohibition of rolling "r's" would prevent us from quenching our thirst for the æsthetic?

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SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. Established 1832
BRANCH OFFICES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

(*Continued from page 44*)

measure of frenzy. Ken Baker, hurt, outraged even, by the sudden flood of Sam Karber publicity, was unbearable. Betty had to have a dose of aromatic spirits. Jane dressed her.

One incident surprised Jane a little. It was just before the orchestra call. Schevenik rapped at the door, looking very pale and distinguished in his evening clothes and white gloves. Betty, in a flutter, made up but only half-dressed, slipped out. Jane, humming the waltz, moved over to read some of the more than a hundred telegrams that were stuck up on the wall about the mirror, but suddenly stopped humming. Schevenik was saying: "I love you, Betty! I adore you! You must marry me or I will blow out my brains! I cannot, since I knew you, live alone!" And then Betty's confused voice: "Not now, Schev! Not here! I must think!" . . .

And then, after the performance, the excited people crowding back, packing the little concrete hallway by the stage door and thronging about stage and in and out of the dressing-rooms. No doubt now that they had made a hit. These people were raving. Schevenik, in a limp wet rag of a collar, was overwhelmed. Two of the critics even came back. And on the stage Sam Karber, with the alert Kerstow hovering by, held a reception of his own. Sam, the artist-impresario.

AT LAST the quieting. The house empty and dim. Betty, a pale wraith, walking unsteadily across the stage, beside Jane, to the door. A smiling good night to the old doorman.

Schevenik, appearing there, took her arm hungrily. One corner of Jane's mouth twisted upward a little. She slipped behind. The three passed out into the concrete alley that led to Forty-fifth Street. There wasn't much light in the alley. They were turning toward the street when an odd sound arrested them. They looked back. At the end of the alley, beyond the stage door, in the shadows, a figure seemed to be writhing in some sort of convulsion. They hesitated. Moved back.

"Why, Ken?" called Schevenik.

Betty sprang forward. "You mustn't take it so!" she cried. "After all, we . . . we've won, haven't we?"

HE TURNED on her. "But have you heard what the scoundrel is saying! That he discovered Schev! Personal direction of Sam Karber! The dirty liar!"

"You must try to get hold of yourself, Ken!" The girl was actually soothing him. Clinging to him. "It isn't so bad. Everybody that matters knows you did it. We know, Ken!"

With a choking, gulping sound, he caught her slim little body in his arms; strained it primitively to his; kissed her over and over. And her arms went round his neck as if they belonged there. It was evident enough that they didn't know or care where they were or who saw or heard.

"Well," said Jane, "you never know!" Then, to the startled composer (she really thought he was crying a little, too): "Don't blow your brains out, Schev. That appears to be how it is. It can't be stopped. Not a thing like that." And then, louder: "Come on, you two. We're going over to the Algonquin. Kisses are all right enough, on occasion, but what I want is food."

Insides Information

Continued from page 21

an operation they think he has just been lucky—not that he has been protected and guarded on every side as you are making me believe he has been. Another thing I don't understand—I thought I should have a great deal of pain in my wound. I did have a lot of pain at first, but it was not in my wound; it was all over me, and later it was gas pains. Why is that?"

The general pain and discomfort, I believe, are a result of shock. Shock is greater if the operation is prolonged, and if there must be much handling of the organs. All operative patients suffer some degree of shock, but extreme shock, which acts very much like a severe hemorrhage, is now rare. Every effort is made to shorten the time of operations, and to protect the organs from exposure to the air and unnecessary handling. Those organs which are exposed but not being worked on are kept covered with warm towels wet with a salt solution so near the composition of the body fluids that it does not allow evaporation or shrinking.

My friend interrupted me: "There's another thing: I have always been in terror of having an operation for fear of having a sponge left in me. I have often heard of its being done."

I believe it did happen now and then at one time, I confessed. But such an untoward accident is now prevented by attaching to each sponge used (which is just a large square of many folds of gauze, not a sponge in the ordinary sense at all) a double strand of tape to the end of which is fastened with a slip knot a large metal ring. The ring is left well outside the wound, the tape being long enough to allow the sponge to reach whatever remote part of the cavity it is protecting. Sponges used for keeping the operative field free from blood are attached to the end of a long forceps and are never left in the wound at all. When the inside work is finished all the protective sponges are removed by the simple method of checking up on the metal rings hanging outside.

"If I had known that beforehand it would have spared me a lot of panic. Now go on; you were going to tell me about gas pains—you can't get any sympathy for them out of the nurses or doctors."

Gas Distends Intestinal Walls

The gas pains that follow an operation are much the same as any pain caused by gas in the intestines except that they are more severe. When gas accumulates in the intestine and is not promptly passed it distends the wall of the intestine and the result is pain. After an operation the intestinal wall is more or less paralyzed as a result of the ether, the morphine given, and the general shock of the operation. The gas, which would normally be passed along by the action of the intestinal muscle, stays in one place and distends the walls painfully. Whether more gas than normal is formed as a result of the operation is hard to say. Following any operation on the stomach or intestine proper, there is often more gas than after one where the digestive canal is not involved.

"Well," said the inquisitor, "I guess that's all for today, but drop in again and I'm sure I'll have a lot more questions for you. By the way, I don't suppose you can tell me where the soul goes when one is so completely lost in the world under ether?"

I went out softly and closed the door.

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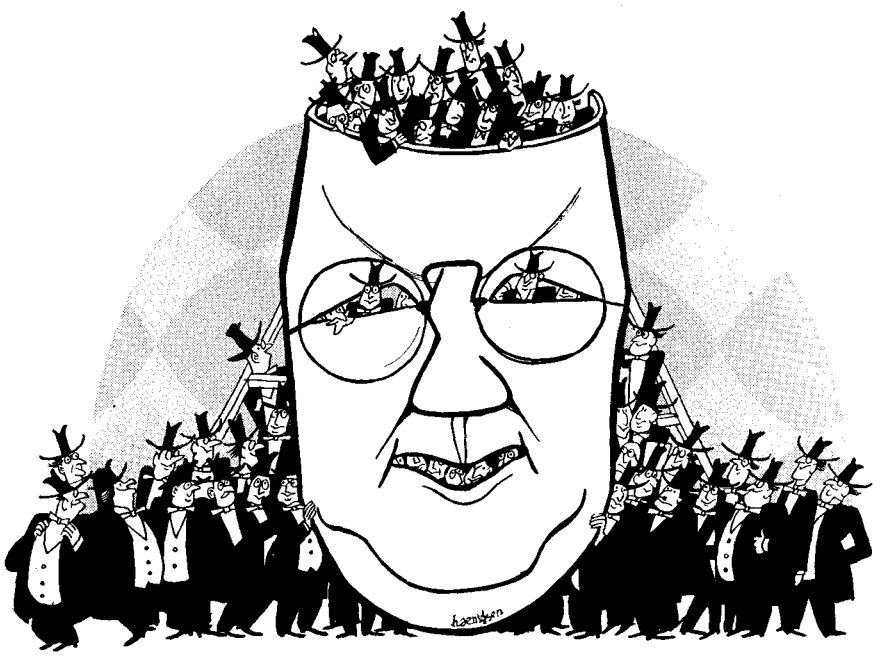

Put Your Best Face Forward

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

AS PRESIDENT WILSON'S private secretary, Joseph Tumulty, was leaving the executive offices of the White House one day Senator Jim Ham Lewis descended from a car and came toward him leading a constituent.

"My dear Joseph," he said, "this is Mr. So-and-So of whose candidacy for United States marshal I have so often and so enthusiastically spoken to you. Mr. Tumulty, Mr. So-and-So."

And as Mr. Tumulty started to reply to these words he found Jim Ham's hand clapped firmly over his mouth. Jim Ham then uttered rapidly about five hundred extraordinarily polite, elegant and bewildering words, withdrew hastily with his candidate, placed him in the waiting car and had him driven away.

The explanation of this remarkable presentation was a letter which had not arrived on time in which Jim Ham had explained that he was bringing one of the fifty-seven varieties of candidates he was supporting for the office and in which he had arranged for a little demonstration of the energy with which he was pursuing Mr. So-and-So's cause. Guessing that the letter had not been received, he stopped Tumulty's mouth to prevent the wrong thing's being said and covered the whole incident with verbiage as elegant as his own pink whiskers.

This is going a long way back for an illustration, but Senator Jim Watson, who seems likely to succeed Vice President-elect Charles Curtis as Republican leader of the upper house, is more like Jim Ham Lewis than like anyone else in public life. He is a sort of Hoosier Jim Ham without the elegance of Chicago's Beau Brummel, but with the same element of impudent and amusing humbug.

If there was anyone in Washington whom Jim Ham did not address with honeyed suavity as "My dear Sir" and to whom he did not write letters ending with "Your most obedient servant" he is not on the record. And if there is anyone in Washington about whose shoulder the great friendly arm of Jim Watson has not been wrapped, let him arise and explain how he was missed by that all-embracing member.

Watson is pretty transparent in spite of his own confidence that he is vastly smarter and slicker than any of his colleagues. Nobody is really fooled by him and nobody really resents his disingenuousness. He is amusing, gay, like a great non-moral boy, who takes his own least admirable qualities most seriously and with the largest private satisfaction.

Everybody says that Indiana should stop sending Jim Watson back to the Senate and everybody then adds, "But I would be sorry to see him go." If his colleagues really mean what they say about Jim Watson, he would not have a Chinaman's chance of being leader of his party in the Senate. But unless Mr. Hoover's friends interfere and block him, he is going to succeed Mr. Curtis. He has the votes to win now, unless they take them away from him.

And it is preposterous that he should be leader, preposterous that "the party of moral ideas" should put him forward before the country as an exemplar of its virtues. There he is, smelly with the Mulhall investigation and with the association of his régime in Indiana with the Ku Klux Klan and the egregious D. C. Stephenson, now in jail for indescribable crimes. He has been the boss of Indiana, and one of his governors has been in jail and another got out of an indictment by recourse to the statute of limitations. No party scandals were ever worse than those in which his leadership in his own state resulted. The Senate, which is full of indignation over Fall, Doheny and Sinclair, picks out Jim Watson to honor!

A party generally is expected to put the best face it can upon everything, so it puts Jim Watson's face upon itself in the Senate!

Of course it is not the party which is going to hold Jim up as one of its noblest figures. There is no party authority which could prevent the Senate from picking out Jim as the most laudable of all Republicans. It is a question even whether Mr. Hoover, however much he may dislike having to deal with the Indianian as the representative of the superior branch of the legislature, could block his selection.

Guilt in this case is personal, as it always is according to the Republican theory. It is the senators, or rather the Republican senators, who are choosing Jim; some because they like him, some because they are under obligation to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce and thus open the way to promotions on three or four committees, and all because the kind of politics Jim plays does not seem to them so very far from admirable.

Test This Amazing Money Making Invention FREE

Men, here's the most remarkable money maker of the age! A little automatic machine that makes old-style can openers obsolete! Now, just a twist of the wrist makes the dollars hum for you! So mail the coupon today for liberal FREE TEST OFFER.

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NO more awkward stabbing and hacking with old-style can openers! No more danger of blood poisoning from gashed and lacerated fingers! For now a remarkable new invention banishes every old-style can opener to the scrap heap. Now a simple twist of the wrist opens any can in a couple of seconds. No wonder they all simply go wild over it! No wonder salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make from $7 to $10 in an hour!

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You just slip the can in the holder and turn the handle. Nothing complicated, nothing to get out of order. Opens any can, square, round or oval, in a few seconds. And, men, IT'S TRIPLE-PATENTED, so there is no competition.

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Everyone knows how women detest the dangerous old style can opener. Imagine, then, how they welcome this startling new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful kitchen task.

Men, honestly I'm not exaggerating one bit when I tell you that not ten words are necessary to sell any of them! All you do is hand your demonstrator to your prospect and let her try it! She sells herself in ten seconds by the clock—and you pocket a nice, fat profit! Yes, really, it's just that simple and easy! That's why $75 to $150 a week is easy anywhere.

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And men, here's a secret! Speedo is a real "twin" invention. Due to a unique interchangeable feature, four out of five homes that buy this new can opening machine from you also buy the novel Speedo "magic groove" sharpener. That means double profits on almost every sale! No wonder your profits pile up with almost incredible speed!

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I don't care whether you're an "old timer" or just breaking in—the quickest, easiest money of your life is waiting for you now, right here! That's a mighty strong statement. But all I ask is a chance to prove it at my risk. I know this proposition will coin money for you so fast that it will make your head swim! Territories are being snapped up right and left. The Free Test costs you nothing. We train you and furnish everything. Just mail me the coupon and I'll shoot you the most sensational dollar making plan you ever heard of. Mail it today! Right now!

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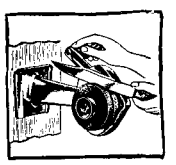

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THESE were the women that the census taker used to put down as "Females without Occupation." You know. Old-maid aunts. And the familiar ailing relatives that had to be supported by some other member of the family.

What's become of these so-called "superfluous women?" You hardly ever meet one any more. Certainly they don't act or feel superfluous. There were never more healthy, busy, happy women in the world than there are right now.

Just talk to women who've been successful along their own particular lines. They follow the same health rules. They'll all tell you they take Nujol regularly.

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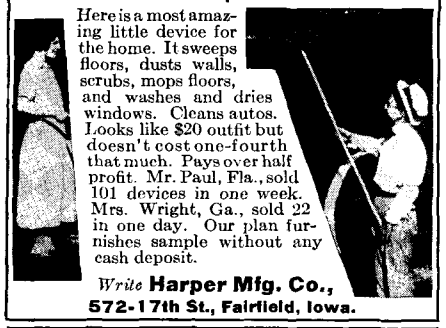

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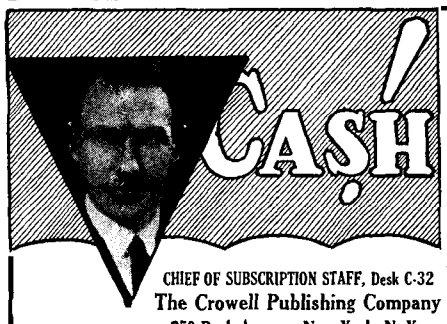

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The Wizard of Salzburg

Continued from page 24

Pittsburgh after conquering the New World as she had subjugated the old.

But Reinhardt saw defects in Duse's supporting players. He called the great actress' attention to them. Instead of becoming angry, Duse clapped her hands at the suggestions he made to switch certain players to other rôles.

"You are a genius!" she declared. "You should do nothing but produce plays."

Then, one day in Scandinavia, where the German stars shine with almost the same degree of brightness as in their native firmament, he sat in a quaint inn in Stockholm.

A New Force in the Theater

At a corner table was a white-bearded gentleman—so white-bearded that, as Reinhardt gazed at him, he might almost have imagined himself looking at himself in a dressing-room mirror. A friendly Dane led him over to the corner and introduced him to Hendrik Ibsen. Superficially there was nothing more to the scene than to hundreds of similar introductions—a fairly well-known actor meeting a fairly well-known playwright. But it helped make theatrical history. Ibsen frowned suddenly like an angry god, pulled his beard with a powerful hand and exclaimed:

"This German lager is weak—like German producers!"

Reinhardt was not a German, but he sensed the challenge.

"Your plays have not been produced perfectly anywhere," he said.

Instantly, to Reinhardt's surprise, Ibsen agreed. Then a deal was made. Reinhardt contracted to produce Ibsen's plays in German in Berlin if Ibsen would give him first rights. So the world came to know a new force in the theater.

From France and England and the United States leading producers made pilgrimages to Berlin and Vienna to see the wonders Reinhardt was performing with the works of the revolutionary Norwegian. Bernard Shaw strode down Unter den Linden in his woolen suit and woolen socks, saw and relished Ibsen in German, and said (quite modestly) that he thought his own plays might be made just as good.

Reinhardt produced A Midsummer Night's Dream. When any play ran for fifty consecutive performances in Berlin it was deemed a hit, the bill changed, and another author given a crack at metropolitan royalties while the preceding play was sent with its principals on a long profitable tour to the Germanic countries. A Midsummer Night's Dream was produced, and ran for the customary fifty nights of a major-league hit—and ran on and on for 300 consecutive performances, breaking all records of old plays and rivaling the best Viennese operettas like The Merry Widow and The Chocolate Soldier.

Reinhardt put into that production a colorfulness unmatched by any interpretation of Shakespeare in Shakespeare's own tongue.

His then Imperial Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert, Emperor of Germany, who favored the theater rarely but royally (Wilhelm had ideas of his own prowess as a playwright, although it would have been necessary to conscript audiences for the things he did as he conscripted his armies) ordered Reinhardt to produce Shakespeare at Potsdam. It was a smart gesture, for Germany and England were at war, and the world, sold on the idea of German "Hymns of Hate," lifted its brows in wonder at Germans thus honoring a British poet.

The play began. It had not gone far when Wilhelm growled from his box:

"Reinhardt is not on the stage."

Reinhardt wasn't. He had not intended to be. When another player had done so well in the play, Reinhardt, for justice and morale, decided that the player should have the honor of a royal appearance. This was all explained to the Kaiser. But explanations failed to satisfy his Imperial Majesty. Peremptorily he summoned his staff and stalked from the theater. Flunkies ran excitedly to Reinhardt, who sat calmly directing the play from the wings. They painted visions of imperial wrath.

"Even if the house empties," said Reinhardt, "the play will go on. Shakespeare is even more important than the Kaiser." And he shrugged his shoulders as if to imply that if this was lese majesty they could make the most of it. The most might have been made of it too if Maximilian Harden, hearing of the incident, had not rallied to Reinhardt's defense by printing the full story in his rambunctious weekly paper.

"One night," Reinhardt relates, "a large and pleasant young man appeared at the cabaret I called 'Thoughts and Smoke.' This chap sought enrolment in my little company. He had a booming voice and an amazing capacity for beer. 'He got the job,' as you Americans say. But, while his voice was magnificent, I saw that the full play of his facial modulations had further possibilities. So when I decided to make a motion picture I selected him for the part.

"'Pictures!' he bellowed at me. 'I want to be an actor—a real actor!'

"'This is your best chance,' I told him.

"He sulked for a day or two, but when he saw the first studio tests of his acting before the camera he brightened. His name is Emil Jannings."

Similarly a pale young woman with startlingly dark eyes was doing nothing of particular importance about the Reinhardt premises when he suddenly needed a flaring female in a lurid bit of melodrama. She agreed to try the part.

"I want," she added, in the velvet contralto that is no less an asset than her beauty, "to be the adventuresses of history—Du Barry, Boleyn, Catherine. Pictures are dead things."

"Not," said Max Reinhardt, again in the German equivalent, "so's you would notice."

He put the throbbing Pola Negri in a picture, and the throbs registered so well that she has been unable to escape the camera ever since.

Discovers an Ideal Madonna

These two famous players are only the vanguard of a small army of the talented discovered by Reinhardt.

He was riding a tug on a bleak November morning from the port of Cherbourg to the west-bound Majestic when his roving gray eye lighted on a slim young woman muffled and shivering in the bow.

"There," he declared to Morris Gest, who stood beside him, "is the perfect madonna for The Miracle."

"I know the girl," said Gest. "She isn't an actress. She's an American society girl, related to the governor of Pennsylvania."

"I repeat," said Reinhardt stubbornly, "she's an ideal madonna."

With characteristic directness he had convinced Miss Pinchot of his belief before they boarded the Majestic. The

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result: when the towering spectacle called The Miracle was produced at the Century in New York a maiden hitherto unknown to the theater was acclaimed great.

Hollywood tempted Reinhardt with an offer to give him the means for fullest expression of his genius for spectacle. When he first went there a year ago he examined plants (movie) and people (likewise movie) with an expert eye and left for home without doing anything whatever.

The Right Spark in the Right Eye

"You are disappointed?" asked a famous screen magnate.

"No," said Reinhardt. "I've taken in so much that I must go back to Salzburg to digest it."

He sought the cloisters of his Salzburg castle and gave those privileged to witness it the memorable pageant of the Salzburg jubilee. From the castle, one of the fruits of long, industrious years, he returned to tackle Hollywood afresh, to watch for the right spark in the right eye, the elastic touch in gait that is all he needs to observe to find a star.

"It must not be thought," he says, "that European artists find greater financial reward in American films than in European drama.

"A famous player like Moissi can make more money touring in Germany than by transplanting himself to America. In Europe the spoken drama thrives, and it is a usual thing for a player with a following in the Teutonic and Scandinavian companies to receive $500 a performance with a guarantee of long runs.

"There are penalties attached to American tours. I had some difficulty with one of my best players. He positively refused to go to the United States because, although not a toper, he was accustomed to his daily bottle of wine, which he regarded as a vocal medicament.

"My manager argued with him that although America was legally dry, wine was not unknown. This star insisted on a clause being put in his contract guaranteeing him a quart of wine a day. Of course this was not done, as it would have vitiated the contract.

"Later, he came to America, and I did not hear him complain about a lack of good wine."

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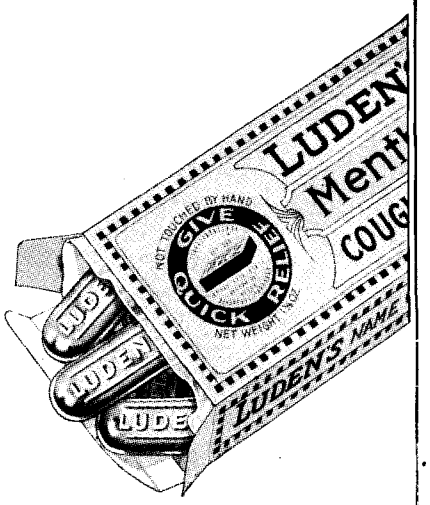

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Keep the Sea Dogs on Leash

LET'S get this navy business straight. Much will depend for a long time to come upon the decisions made at Washington this winter. Even a future policy of war or peace may hang upon the result.

What the President recommends and what Congress authorizes will depend largely on the messages which come from the voters back home.

Just now two antagonistic groups are struggling to induce our government to adopt their policies. The big-navy people want more ships. The pacifists and many church organizations are against more naval construction. The great majority of people are still to be heard from.

Look at the fundamentals before making up your mind.

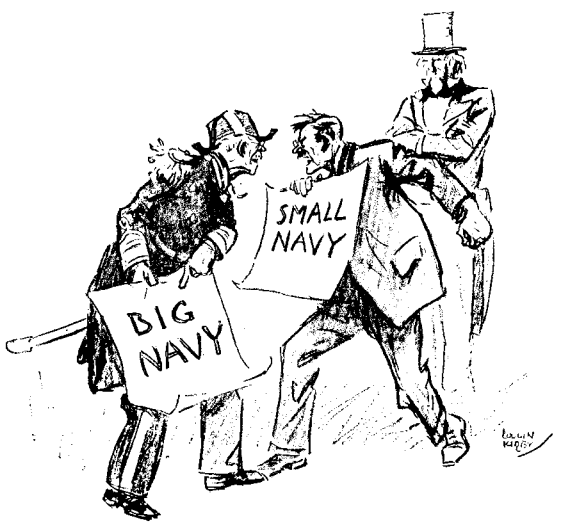
A navy, or an army, must be strong enough to defend us against any possible enemy. That is one fundamental.

Not less important is the fact that we must rely upon our own navy and not upon the ships of some other friendly nation to safeguard our interests. Apply these principles to the question now before Congress.

The present controversy arose out of the conflicting plans of American and British naval officers. The issue is limited to the building of more cruisers.

President Harding's Washington Conference worked out a treaty by which Great Britain and the United States agreed to avoid naval competition by accepting equality.

But cruisers below a certain size were not included in the treaty. Now we are faced with a new naval competition in cruiser building.



Attempts to make a new treaty extending the equality to crusier construction have failed. It has been impossible to reconcile the views of our naval officers with the ideas of the British admiralty.

The navy men are talking about reality. The fact seems to be that Great Britain, the island center of a huge empire, needs one type of cruiser while we, a continental republic, require a different kind of ship. This vital difference, due to geography, can't be argued away.

But equality can still be attained. Given the desire to coöperate, it is possible to achieve actual equality of naval forces without insisting upon building ships of the same size or equipment.

Our relationship with Great Britain is as friendly as our contact with Canada. War between the Dominion and the United States is as unthinkable as a conflict between Illinois and Indiana. No forts mark our northern international boundary and no war vessel of either nation, excepting training ships, sails the Great Lakes.

Our differences with Great Britain are no more serious than our controversies with Canada. They can be settled and they will be settled in the same lawful fashion.

The policy we should follow was clearly stated in President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech.

We renounced war as a legal method of international intercourse in the Kellogg treaty. It expresses our common will and conscience. Human nature being what it is, renunciation of war is not a sufficient guaranty of safety at this time.

We must have adequate defense forces and that means practically a navy equal in all its essential elements to any other navy in the world.

Finally, we can and we should agree, so far as is practicable, with other great nations to limit naval forces. This can be done if the good sense of the great masses of people is allowed to rule.

The spirit of the people is the final arbiter of war or peace. Years ago Elihu Root said:

"There are no international controversies so serious that they cannot be settled peaceably if both parties really desire peaceful settlement, while there are few causes of dispute so trifling that they cannot be made the occasion for war if either party really desires war. The matters in dispute between nations are nothing; the spirit which deals with them is everything."

Mr. Root's words are applicable today.

Vindictive Justice

A CITIZEN of North Carolina went to Alabama, started with nothing and by working hard for fourteen years built up a successful business and a reputation for integrity and fair dealing. They thought pretty highly of him in Alabama and when he had to return to his native state his home newspaper said of him:

"He has established a reputation as a man of his word, liberal, successful, enterprising. He has made money, he has prospered and he has always cooperated in the general interest of community affairs."

Unfortunately, this man had no choice about returning to North Carolina. For he was, it seemed, a fugitive from justice. Fifteen years ago he was convicted of killing a policeman. He was sentenced to twenty years in prison but escaped after serving one. Under another name he became a model citizen of another community.

Of course North Carolina was glad to get him back; it cleared up their prison books. But it all seems just a little bit senseless. If there is anything in the reform theory of imprisonment, this man was jailed to consider his sins and mend his ways. Apparently he did both and to an extent that could hardly have been anticipated. What more can the remaining nineteen years of sentence do?

The Mud Retreats

BURIED in the election returns were four items of more significance in the promotion of American welfare than any single issue debated in the national campaign. They told of the victory of a $30,000,000 state highway bond issue in Louisiana, a $100,000,000 issue in Iowa, a $35,000,000 issue in West Virginia, and of Missouri's decision to increase her road building debt by $75,000,000. Part of the Iowa issue is to take over country road debts.

Back of this cheerful, hard-headed spending is the feeling that the country is about to win its lifelong struggle against mud. Spring thaws, floods in season and out, fall rains—these, not Indians, were the pioneers' arch enemies.

They held him mudbound from his markets. He fought back in fair weather. But he improved his transportation. Wagon conquest of the mud was not motor conquest. So the battle went on until he discovered hard-surface freedom. Now victory is in sight, not only the triumph over mud, but more confirmation of the theory that this country can always find the money to fight itself out of economic bondage.

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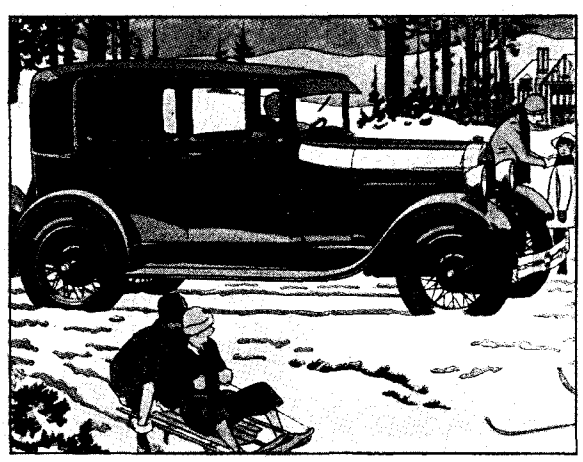
The new Ford has a very simple and effective lubrication system

If you could look into the engine of the new Ford, you would be surprised at the simplicity of the lubrication system. It is a combination of pump, splash and gravity feed—an exclusive Ford development.

The oil pump draws the oil from the bottom of the oil pan through a fine mesh wire screen or filter and delivers it to the valve chamber. Even when you are traveling at thirty miles an hour, the five quarts of oil in the pan pass through the pump *twice* in every mile.



There's an air of rugged strength in the low, trim lines of the new Ford. Other features are 55 to 65 miles an hour, quick acceleration, smoothness at all speeds, fully-enclosed, silent six-brake system, Houdaille shock absorbers, Triplex shatter-proof windshield, economy and long life.

From the valve chamber the oil flows by gravity to the main bearings of the crankshaft and the front camshaft bearing. Reservoirs of oil are provided for each main bearing pipe opening through a series of ingenious dams placed at the bottom of the valve chamber.

After filling these reservoirs, the surplus oil flows down an overflow pipe to the front of the oil pan tray. In this tray are four troughs into which dip the scoops on the connecting rods. These scoops pick up the oil and throw it into the grooves of the swiftly moving crankpin bearings. They also send an oil spray over the cylinder walls, camshaft and timing gears. From the tray the oil flows back to the oil pan, whence it is again drawn through the oil strainer into the pump.

The oiling system of the new Ford is so simple in design and effective in action that it requires practically no service attention. Like every other Ford part, it has been built to give you many thousands of miles of use at a minimum of trouble and expense.

There is only one thing to do, but that is a very important thing . . . *watch the oil!* Keep enough oil in the oil pan so that the indicator rod never registers below low (L) and change the oil every 500 miles. If the oil level is allowed to fall below low, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled. The oil also loses its lubricating properties more rapidly because it is used faster.

The lubrication of the chassis is also important. It has been made simple and easy in the new Ford through the high pressure grease gun system. To insure best performance, the chassis should be lubricated every 500 miles.

Every 2000 miles the distributor cam should be cleaned and given a light film of vaseline. At 5000 miles, the lubricant in the differential and transmission should be drained, the housings flushed with kerosene and new lubricant added.

The oiling and greasing of an automobile is so important and means so much to economical, satisfactory performance that it ought not to be neglected or carelessly done.

Ford dealers everywhere have been specially trained to oil and grease the new Ford. They know the best oil to use for each part during each season and they have special equipment to do a good and thorough job at a fair price.

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Detroit, Michigan

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IPANA . . .

the tooth paste that guards the gums while it cleans the teeth

PICK up a tube of Ipana. Above the name you see a simple phrase of four short words: Good for Tender Gums. That brief statement tells, as clearly as a whole page of scientific facts, why Ipana deserves a full, fair trial as your personal dentifrice.

For in these days of soft foods the health of our gums is impaired. Lacking coarse fibre, our diet deprives our gums of exercise. Lacking exercise, the blood courses but slowly within the gum walls. The tissues become soft and dormant. "Pink tooth brush" appears. Worse troubles can follow in its train.

But with Ipana and a light tooth brush massage you can stir the stagnant tissues and speed fresh, clean blood to nourish and sustain them. For Ipana is specifically compounded to stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic well-known to dentists for its toning and strengthening effects on the gums.

Give Ipana a 30 day trial

So make a test of this modern tooth paste. Send for the ten-day sample if you wish. It will quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and its ability to make your teeth clean and white.

But a better plan is to get a full-size tube from the drug store. Use it twice a day for one full month. Then, when you see how your gums have improved—in color, in texture and in health—you, too, will know that Ipana deserves a permanent place on your bathroom shelf.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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